HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXV.—No. 1827.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1891.
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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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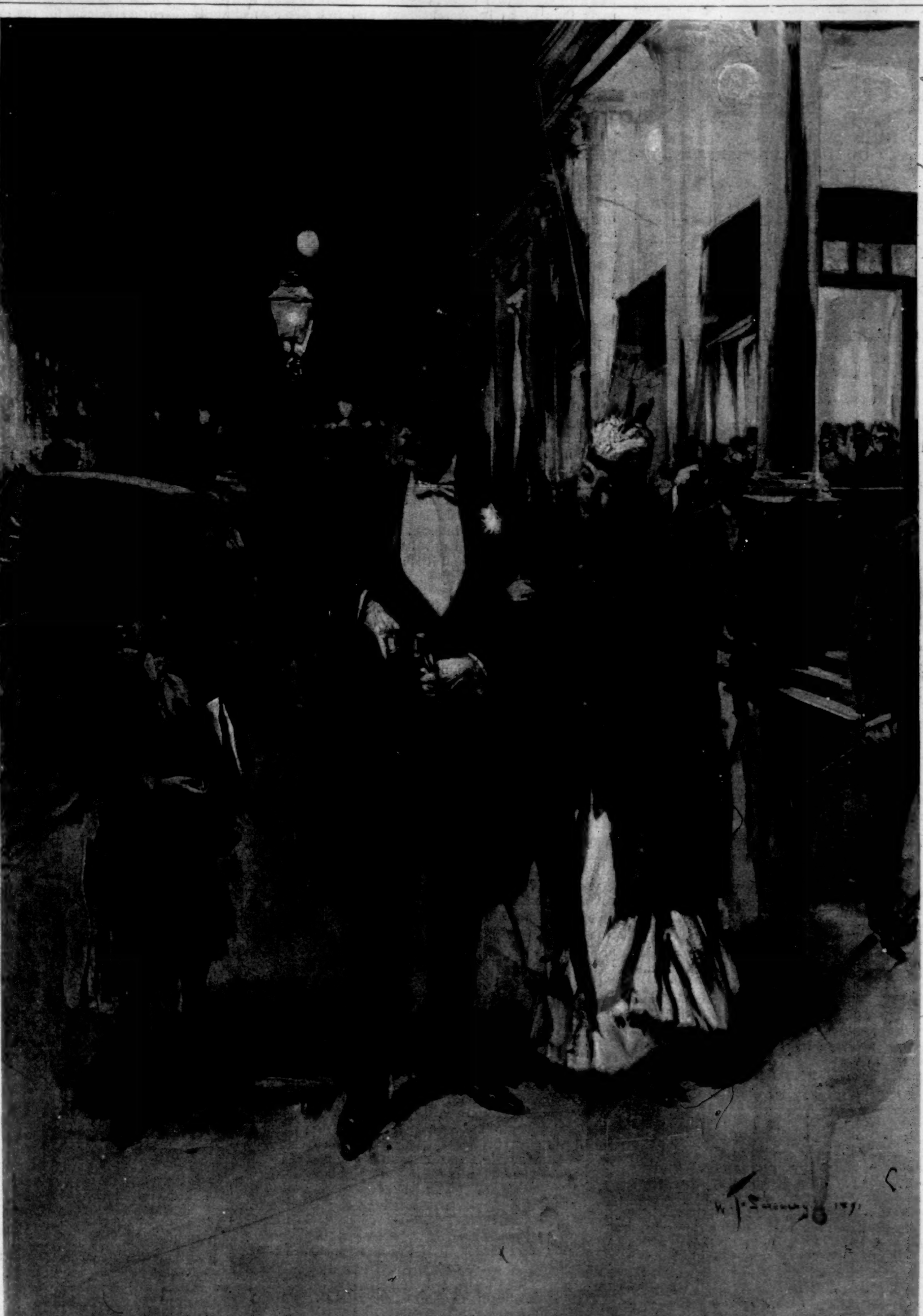

ON BROADWAY AFTER THE THEATRE.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE—January.

OUR EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO. By Julian Ralph. With Plan of Exposition Grounds and Buildings.
A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION. A Farce. By William Dean Howells. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. First Paper. By Horatio Bridge, U.S.N.
DE LITTL' MODDER. A Story. By William McLennan. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart.
AARON BURR'S CONSPIRACY AND TRIAL. By Walter S. Drysdale. With Portrait from the Painting by Oliver I. Lay.
POPULAR LIFE IN THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN CAPITALS. By Wilhelm Singer. Illustrated by F. de Myrbach.
THE NEO-CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT IN FRANCE. By Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé.
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LONDON OF CHARLES THE SECOND. By Walter Besant. With thirteen illustrations.
THE SORROW OF ROHAB. A Poem. By Arlo Bates. Illustrated by J. R. Weguelin.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:
Editor's Easy Chair. By George William Curtis.—*Editor's Study.* By William Dean Howells.—*Editor's Drawer.* Conducted by Charles Dudley Warner.

Subscription Price, $4 00 a Year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
New York City.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
(Twenty-Four Pages.)
PUBLISHED
New York, December 26, 1891.
TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

A CHANGED PROSPECT.

IT seems to be generally agreed that the election of Mr. Crisp as Speaker of the House meant something more than personal preference. In speaking of the Speakership, we said, before the meeting of Congress, that a tranquil temperament and judicial disposition were among the most essential qualifications for the office. The reported feeling of Mr. Mills since his defeat shows, apparently, that in this respect Mr. Crisp was preferable. But the friends of tariff reform, who feel that it is a question which should take precedence of all public issues, were undoubtedly greatly disappointed by Mr. Crisp's election. They soon began to remark, however, that he was sound upon the great question, and that too much stress must not be laid upon the election as significant of party disinclination to the tariff reform issue and to Mr. Cleveland as the candidate next year. This kind of whistling, however, does not change the situation. There is no doubt that in this part of the country the result of the contest for the Speakership was an extremely disagreeable shock to the friends of Mr. Cleveland. It has been the general conviction that tariff reform as expounded by Mr. Mills would be certainly the Democratic policy and Mr. Cleveland unquestionably the Democratic candidate next year, and the result, upon a test made by the particular friends of both, seemed for a moment to be at least discouraging.

Yet it ought not to be surprising. A party, although theoretically an organization of like-minded voters to secure the passage of measures or the adoption of a policy upon which they agree, is practically very much more. It is a body with traditions, habits, and a spirit which demands unswerving allegiance to the behests of its majority. It is the result of a multitude of tendencies and prejudices and passions. It is united by mercenary interests and party pride as well as by political and economical considerations; and the party, not the principle or purpose of the party, becomes at last the controlling consideration. The Republican party, for instance, coheres to-day not so much by a common conviction upon protection, as by a feeling that, whatever its policy, the party is composed of the more intelligent, moral, and industrious parts of the whole community, to which the general interests may be confided more safely than to any other. It is this fact which makes the process of reconstructing a party, of inspiring it with a new spirit and giving it a new tendency, extremely difficult. This also explains the fact that a voter who leaves one party for honest public reasons, will not necessarily find it better to join another, and try to influence its action. Before doing this he must measure accurately the moral momentum of the party, or he will find himself precisely where he was before. He must therefore maintain his independence until he is sure that he can join a party which will pursue substantially his own objects.

The election of Speaker showed that the general feeling of the Democratic party had been somewhat miscalculated. The refusal of Mr. Hoar and Mr. Williams, of Massachusetts, to vote for Mr. Crisp was natural and honorable. They had left the Republican party because of their independence of feeling and action, and they did not relinquish them upon entering the Democratic party. But the incident showed that the Democratic party was led by forces of which the power had not been fully measured. In other words, Mr. Cleveland was perhaps less a representative of the controlling spirit of the party than of its better sentiment, and free silver coinage might prove to be a more immediate and popular purpose in the party than tariff reform. The New York *World* is a Democratic free lance, and without expressing its own opinion, the *World* says: "There is nothing more certain under the sun than that some free-coinage bill will pass the House by an overwhelming majority, most probably by a majority large enough to pass it over the President's veto." This, also, was the anticipation of Mr. Carlisle. One of the possible results of the actual situation disclosed by the election of Speaker is a change in the decision that tariff reform shall be the controlling issue next year; and the circumstances seem to show, also, that the regard of independent voters for Mr. Cleveland weakens him with many conspicuous present managers of his party. That fact, however, will commend him no less to the great mass of such voters.

CHILI AND THE UNITED STATES.

It was satisfactory to see in the President's message that "the entire correspondence with the government of Chili will at an early day be submitted to Congress." It is high time. There has been no way of testing the truth of the statements respecting Chilian affairs. When it is openly alleged and believed that Balmaceda's revolution was attempted in the interest of a nitrate speculation, and that Mr. Egan was appointed Minister to Chili because he would be a good agent in commercial transactions, it is easy to believe, and, in fact, it is highly probable, that the accounts received from Chili are colored by some form of the same interest. For the first time the conduct of American naval officers has been involved in these stories, and it is not conceivable that any public interest can be jeoparded by a publication of the correspondence.

There is no doubt that the selection as Minister of this country to Chili of a newly naturalized citizen of such a notorious career as Mr. Egan's was very extraordinary. The probable and apparent explanation was that it was designed to propitiate the dynamite Irish vote in this country. There is no doubt also that Mr. Egan was in close relations with Balmaceda, and that our government was deceived as to the actual situation in Chili. Neither is there any doubt that the successful party in the war were peculiarly ill-disposed toward Mr. Egan, much more so, indeed, than against any other foreign Minister. There seems to be little doubt also that he is now engaged in some active correspondence with the present Chilian government, apparently not of a friendly character.

On the other hand, President Harrison says in his message that "no official complaint of the conduct of our Minister or of our naval officers during the struggle has been presented to this government, and it is a matter of regret that so many of our own people should have given ear to unofficial charges and complaints that manifestly had their origin in rival interests, and in a wish to pervert the relations of the United States with Chili." He says also, and it shows that, although no official complaint was made, the feeling in regard to Mr. Egan was very strong—"the treatment of our Minister for a time was such as to call for a decided protest, and it was very gratifying to observe that unfriendly measures, which were undoubtedly the result of the prevailing excitement, were at once rescinded or suitably relaxed." This is a friendly statement. But it is followed by what is really a prejudgment of the case of the sailors at Valparaiso, which the President subsequently admits is now undergoing investigation by the local authorities, and he adds that the Chilian answer to our request for an explanation of what seemed to be an insult was offensive. If a proper and timely reply to our note shall not be made, the President says that the question will be made the subject of a special message to Congress. Opinion must now be reserved until the correspondence is published.

ELECTRIC EXECUTION.

In the last execution by electricity in New York, the expert witnesses testified to the decency of the tragic event, and to the actual painlessness of the death. The merely curious public was excluded by the law, which also designates certain representatives of the public to be present in order to prevent any misconception of facts. In highly civilized communities, except in France, public executions as a mere spectacle are abandoned, and for the reason that they were held to be imbruting, degrading, and demoralizing.

In this State the new law closely restricts the number of spectators, and prohibits publication of anything but the facts. This provision was adopted to prevent the sensational and disgusting descriptions which appeared in many papers whenever an execution occurred, and had become a source of serious demoralization of public sentiment. If men are to be put to death by law, the process should be as solemnly impressive as possible, and so conducted as to avoid the public mischief which is produced by making the event a spectacle for the gratification of the most depraved curiosity and passion. But the exclusion of newspaper reporters is asserted to be a wrong to the public, which has a right to know that all is done as it should be. But if the public has a right to know, the public, by its authorized representatives, may provide for the manner in which it shall be informed. This it has done in the law. It has decided to be informed of the necessary facts by certain witnesses who are indicated. If these witnesses are incompetent or untrustworthy, upon proof of the fact they should be removed, and if as a class they are necessarily unfit, the law should be changed.

But it is not an argument against the law that the witnesses are not newspaper reporters, nor that they do not make the kind of descriptive report which, to promote the sale of the papers, the reporters might make. There was a statement in some papers after the late execution that the process was singularly cruel, and the suffering horrible. This, however, was not the statement of the witnesses, but of those who were not witnesses. As the method is new, however, such assertions may foster a doubt whether they may not be well founded. Upon the question of comparative suffering, the following statement of an execution in Philadelphia just before that at Sing Sing contrasts significantly with the official certificate of Doctors McDonald and S. B. Ward, that in the case at Sing Sing "death was apparently instantaneous and painless":

> "John McManus was hanged at 10.09 o'clock this morning for the murder of Eugene Maginnis. Death resulted in twelve minutes, from strangulation. The body, after being allowed to hang for twenty minutes longer, was cut down.... After his hands had been shackled, McManus spoke briefly, asking the forgiveness of Heaven, and forgiving those who had ever injured him, and asking forgiveness of those he had injured. When he ceased, the black cap was drawn over his face, the signal was given, and McManus dropped five feet. The knot of the rope slipped from behind his ear as he fell, and he slowly strangled to death."

Nothing alleged in regard to execution by electricity is more shocking than this.

CHRISTMAS ALMS.

Christmas is at hand, and Santa Claus is coming. The holiday activity in the streets is one of the prettiest spectacles of the year, and the eyes of the poorest may enjoy a Christmas gift by looking at the shop windows teeming with treasures rich and rare. The charitable disposition of modern times, which is one of its best characteristics, naturally seizes the occasion of the happy festival to extend the area of happiness. The form of this kindness is protean. Its purpose is good, but its methods are not always wise, and Dr. Rainsford, who is one of the foremost apostles of the gospel of fraternity, has recently pointed out one of its well-meaning but practically unwise methods. Indeed, there will be no wiser lesson for the day, at this holiday season, than the article of Dr. Rainsford in another part of this paper, who speaks upon the subject with an authority unsurpassed in New York.

There is a scheme to assemble a multitude of poor children in Madison Square Garden on Christmas afternoon, and to give them the old toys of richer children, who are to sit in elevated seats and survey the scene. This the doctor holds to be a waste of good interest, energy, and money, and a premium on gluttony and untruth. Besides this, it would be a cultivation of a feeling which needs no fostering, a feeling of patronizing superiority on the part of children whose fathers, sometimes by hook and often by crook, own for a time a great deal of money. A certain pleasure will be given to some of the poor children, but the mischief of this way of giving it will far transcend the pleasure. If the designers of this enterprise desired personally to aid the needy, they would not probably assemble them in a vast hall and invite the prosperous to attend and see them fed and clothed. If they wish to give pleasure to poor children by giving them the toys of richer children, do they suppose the pleasure is heightened by making the recipients a spectacle as poor?

Dr. Rainsford states that already there are many ways provided for cheering the poor children by those who live among them and are familiar with their wants and their character. The first principle of modern charity is that it shall be made really to help, not to harm. If the promoters of this scheme would take the toys quietly and give them to the children in a personally friendly way, without making them a show for the richer children, it would be well. But if they do not wish to do this, the money which will be expended in the manner proposed would give incalculably greater pleasure to its beneficiaries if it were intrusted to those who know them, and who know how best to aid them. These are to be found on every hand, in the societies within and without the churches. There is much said of the decline of Christianity, but certainly the practical injunctions of Christ to the disciples whom he sent out were never more generally or more intelligently followed than now. The earlier Church fed the poor, the later Church aids the poor to feed themselves. The community may well heed the words of one who, like Dr. Rainsford, is an expert and a leader in aiding the poor, not on Christmas day only, but on that day and every other day in the year. He does not frown upon the pleasure designed, but upon the demoralizing method contemplated.

THE LATE TRAGEDY.

The identification of the head of the man who attempted to destroy Mr. Sage is apparently due to the New York *World*. The first thing which arrests attention is that the head, which would be in such cases the surest means of identification, should have been left unharmed by the explosion. The proof furnished by the dentist's register is also remarkable, and the letter which the mother quotes, but which she destroyed, is apparently conclusive. No motive can be assigned for her invention of such a story, and, in connection with the other evidence, it settles the question of identity.

The facts dispose of the story of a conspiracy, and make the tragedy the result of a monomania. There is yet no evidence that Norcross had been regarded at any time as insane, although further inquiry may disclose other facts. The act is not likely to breed imitators, for only an insane man would propose to himself the alternative which Norcross contemplated. Nor does it reveal any more plainly the consequences of a reputation for great riches. Every man who is known to be very rich is constantly pursued by every kind of beggar for every kind of object, and it is to be expected that some among the applicants will be crack-brained and dangerous.

The chance of being made the victim of disordered wits will hardly moderate the eager pursuit of money; for it was not the money, but the distinction which it confers, that induced the attack of Norcross. There are very rich men who are in no danger from such assaults, because they are not publicly distinguished for wealth. Just before the bomb was dropped in Mr. Sage's office, the Rev. Dr. Hall was fired at upon the steps of his house. His assailant was crazy like Norcross, but the assault was not stimulated by his distinction as a rich man. Distinction of all kinds has its penalties; but it is satisfactory to know that the late startling and tragical act is not a sign of anything but a freak of insanity.

MR. QUAY'S RE-ELECTION.

Many Republicans in Pennsylvania allege that the result of the late election in that State has been misinterpreted as an approval of Quay. They say that it was far from such an approval; on the contrary, they hold that it was due to the fact that the Republican candidates were unexceptionable, and that neither Quay nor the machine was involved, and therefore that as Republicans they voted for the party ticket as independent of Quay. The justice of this view will be easily tested. If the inquiries of Democratic officers into the frauds shall be pushed by the new men with relentless vigor, the view of certain Republicans will be justified.

But there is a more general test. The re-election of Quay as Senator will be the next real political contest in the State. The independent Republican protest of last year undoubtedly drove him from the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. His resignation showed the force of public and party conviction of his unfitness for the place. The action of his party in his own State was too unmistakable, and the resolution of respect and admiration adopted by the committee was not merely perfunctory, it was disgraceful.

Failure to be re-elected Senator, whether due to public moral reprobation or to actual defeat, would close his public career. It cannot be doubted that Mr. Quay will strain all his resources of every kind to prevent such a result. He is master of the dark and devious ways of politics, and he has no doubt begun already to take steps to secure his success. If the interpretation of the election which we have mentioned be sound, the opposition to the Senator's re-election will not count upon the force of an impromptu movement at the last moment; it will organize itself as thoroughly as the Quay canvass will be organized. The same Republican feeling which elected a Democratic Governor last year rather than vote for a Quay candidate ought certainly to be able to defeat Quay himself.

THE THEOLOGICAL WORLD.

The year that is ending has been marked by some striking theological events, so many, indeed, and of such a character as to be exceptional and suggestive. The latest reported incident was not the least surprising. It was stated in detail and with apparent certainty, as if there could be no question, that at a meeting of the Unitarian Club in Boston, where Dr. Lyman Abbott, the successor of Mr. Beecher in Brooklyn, was a guest, he said, in a speech upon the new orthodoxy, that it did not believe in the divinity of Christ.

This was a very new orthodoxy indeed. But the reports stated further that the Rev. Dr. Peabody, who is, perhaps, the most eminent living representative of the older Unitarianism, followed Dr. Abbott in a speech in which he said that he agreed with Dr. Abbott "point by point, especially as regards his Christology." Dr. Peabody was succeeded by Professor Tucker, of Andover, who, in the main agreeing with Dr. Abbott, was stated to have differed upon the question of divinity; and Dr. Gordon, another Congregational divine, also affirmed his strict belief in sympathy with Professor Tucker. The report said distinctly that such expressions of assent and dissent were made as implied that Dr. Abbott was understood generally to have spoken as reported.

But it is easy to misunderstand a speaker upon such subjects, and Dr. Abbott, when asked about his speech, replied at once that he had been misquoted, which was not surprising, as he spoke very rapidly. He then stated that some of the things that he said were correctly reported, but in order to understand his full meaning, they should be taken in connection with other parts of his speech. In his remarks upon the divinity of Christ, he said that the new orthodoxy believed it, but the modern formula for it was not God *and* man, but God *in* man. Dr. Abbott did not seem to the reporter to apprehend any serious harm to Christian orthodoxy from what he had said, and remarked in closing the interview that fortunately his words had been taken down stenographically, and would be published. The Doctor's statement, however, is sufficient. He was evidently misunderstood. But his formula shows the change of feeling which is affecting some of the dogmas that have been hitherto accepted without formula. Such a change, however, shows no decline of zeal or of religious faith.

WHITTIER.

Mr. Whittier has just completed his eighty-fourth year, amid all that should attend old age, and Dr. Holmes, who is rather more than two years younger, wrote the older poet a charming letter, which had all the glow and warmth that his metaphor of glaciers and the white summit seem to deny. In the later productions of both poets there is nothing of the supposed icy touch of age upon any fruit or flower. It is indeed some time since Whittier has published a poem. But his latest verse has even a riper and mellower tone than his earliest.

Lowell called Whittier the most popular of our poets after Longfellow, and his muse has always seemed more familiar to the average poetic feeling of the country than that of any other. Many years ago, at a New England dinner in New York, James T. Brady, in a fervid speech, spoke of his fondness for Whittier, calling him his favorite poet, whose verses it was always a delight to read. This was the more striking as Brady was a Roman Catholic and a Democrat, while Whittier was the most faithful of Quakers and an uncompromising abolitionist.

Indeed, he was distinctively the poet of the abolition awakening, as Phillips was its orator. Lowell's verse was also an essential part of its literature, but he had other tastes and interests. Whittier was almost exclusively dedicated to the great theme, and his lyrics flamed out like beacon fires in every emergency. Like Lowell, also, he adhered to political action, which Garrison and Phillips discarded. The flowing ease of his music and its tender pathos, blended with a cheerful faith in the Divine goodness, its expression of simple feeling and humane sympathy, without the speculative and subjective tendency of modern thought, explain his singular and affectionate hold of the heart of his countrymen. They do not forget his birthday, and they express their love and honor for the man who is justly called our Tyrtæus, although his songs were not designed to stimulate military courage, but to inspire a moral purpose.

THE INCOME TAX.

It was not objected to the income tax during the war that it was an unjust because an inequitable tax. It was not inequitable, because it was levied upon property, and large holders of property naturally paid large taxes. The theory was that the large owner had more property to be protected. This was true of property, but it is not true that the protection of property, although a most important function, is the chief duty of government. The defence of life and liberty is quite as important. Theoretically, indeed, an income tax is very defensible, and indirect taxation is very susceptible of enormous abuse.

But that also is a strong objection to an income tax. The experience of the war was not such as to produce a popular demand for the continuance of the tax, and the reasons were many and various. One of them was its inquisitorial character, and free nations have always repelled public inquisition into the private affairs of citizens. The issue of writs of assistance, designed to enforce private searches, led to the first great ante-revolutionary debate in the American colonies, in which the eloquence of James Otis aroused public sentiment, and strengthened colonial resistance to the crown. Moreover, an income tax is practically unjust because it is an unequal burden upon the class which is compelled to pay it. It can be just and equitable only on condition of honest representations, and the perjuries and falsehoods consequent upon its enforcement are notorious. It is a familiar saying, indeed, that all's fair at the Custom-house, and that the oaths there are much like dicers' oaths. But there is always the commodity on which to judge and levy.

In the case of the income tax, however, there are oaths only to deal with. It offers a premium upon perjury. This had an amusing effect in the war, when some persons swore falsely to large incomes in order to enhance their commercial credit. The demoralization of such a system is obvious. On the other hand, an indirect tax, like the customs duties, restricts industry by burdening raw materials, raises the price of necessaries without equally raising wages, and instead of depending upon wealth already produced, injures the facility of production. Its mischief is great, but not of a kind so morally harmful. The question is one of expediency, in which a cardinal element is the natural preference for indirection in bearing burdens.

PERSONAL.

"The Mountebank," "Topsy-turvydom," and "The Musical Clock" are the titles suggested for the new Gilbert comic opera. The firm name is now Gilbert & Cellier.

—Lady Somerset, who has been speaking in public in this country, has a young son who, with another son, Arthur Hungerford Pollen, of London, has been shooting out West. They have returned with a fine enthusiasm for the sport, and numerous photographs of themselves in buckskin and revolvers. They are writing their adventures for this paper.

—Lord Rosebery, in his *Life of Pitt*, just issued, says that Pitt's last words were not "Roll up the map of Europe," nor "My country," etc., as commonly reported, but "I wish I could have one of Bellamy's meat pies."

—Sir Edwin Arnold says that the average editorial "leader" of an English newspaper is the product of three hours of diligent work by an accomplished man—such as Andrew Lang, for instance. He himself once wrote one of two thousand words with a lead-pencil in an hour—a rate of speed which seems prodigious, and which a crack American reporter writing against time could hardly excel; but a man who has written eight thousand leaders, as the author of the "Light of Asia" has done, must necessarily have become expert at it. Sir Edwin thinks that the reporter should be rated on a level with the editor, and that personally he would as soon report a fire as to interview Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone on some great question of political policy. Why not? It is not difficult to ask questions and remember the answers, but it takes genius to discover the name of the occupant of the third floor back, when the occupant and the third floor are burning briskly in the cellar.

—Before he came to New York to grow famous as a millionaire, Rufus Hatch had acquired a local celebrity in Indianapolis as an organist.

—Edmund Gosse and Austin Dobson, the British poets and book-makers, both hold positions in the London Board of Trade, but the income they receive from their work there is not so necessary to their subsistence as Charles Lamb's was in the India House. For Mr. Gosse, indeed, has a small fortune invested in first editions and other treasures of the book-shops.

—All but a few hundred dollars have been paid on the house in Los Angeles that the ladies of California presented to Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, the "Pathfinder's" widow. The house is a pretty little eight-room cottage of the Queen Anne style of architecture, comfortable and cozy. One room in it Mrs. Fremont has set apart as a sanctum, in the quiet of which she designs to produce some new literary work.

—The new English Minister to France, Lord Dufferin, has climbed up from one of the lower rungs of the diplomatic ladder. He entered the Queen's employ forty years ago as a minor lord-in-waiting, and has advanced steadily upwards until now he has gained the most desirable place in the British foreign service.

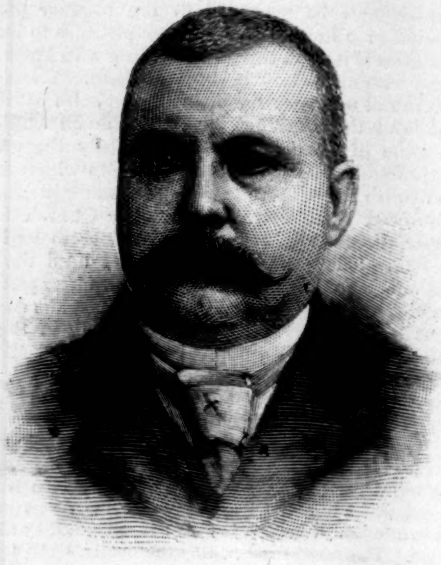
—The Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, who, through her alliance with Prince "Collars and Cuffs," may some day be Queen of England, is the pretty daughter of a prettier mother; for the Duchess of Teck, as the Princess Mary of Cambridge, was one of the most attractive royal girls in Europe a generation ago. Her beauty and amiability made her the idol of the people, much to the displeasure of Queen Victoria, it is said, whose popularity was not so great then as it is to-day. As the belle of the British royal family, Princess Mary had a troop of titled suitors in her train; but she was content to choose the Duke of "Tick," as he was called because of his impecuniosity. Now she has grown very stout, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, but she is still a fine-looking woman.

—The picturesque exuberance of style that marks Lafcadio Hearn's literary work may be partly the accident of birth, for the author was born on one of the Ionian Isles, where Sappho loved and sung. His name, indeed, is supposed to recall the Leucadian cliff from which the poetess is said to have jumped to death. Mr. Hearn, like Stockton, is a little man physically, short and dark, but thick enough through the chest to indicate good lung power. He is said to be an expert swimmer.

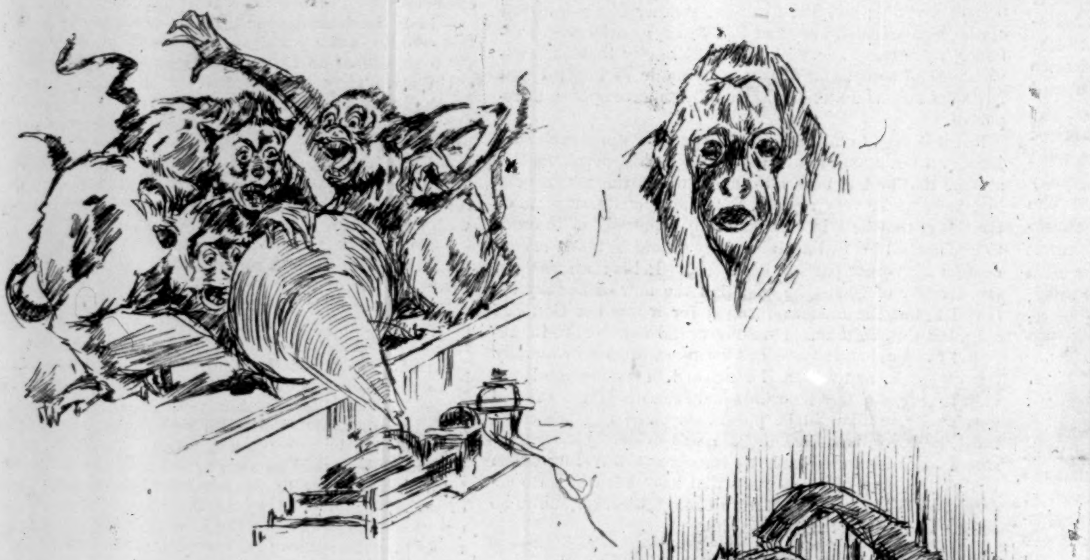
—The late Prince Lucien Bonaparte bore a more striking resemblance to the great Napoleon than any other of the Emperor's relatives, but he was much taller. He was a favorite of Queen Victoria, with whom he dined regularly twice a year during his long residence in England, and he usually sent her Majesty the first copy of all of his erudite treatises, and in return received a handsomely bound copy of the Queen's *Life in the Highlands*, ornamented with the autograph inscription "from his friend, the authoress."

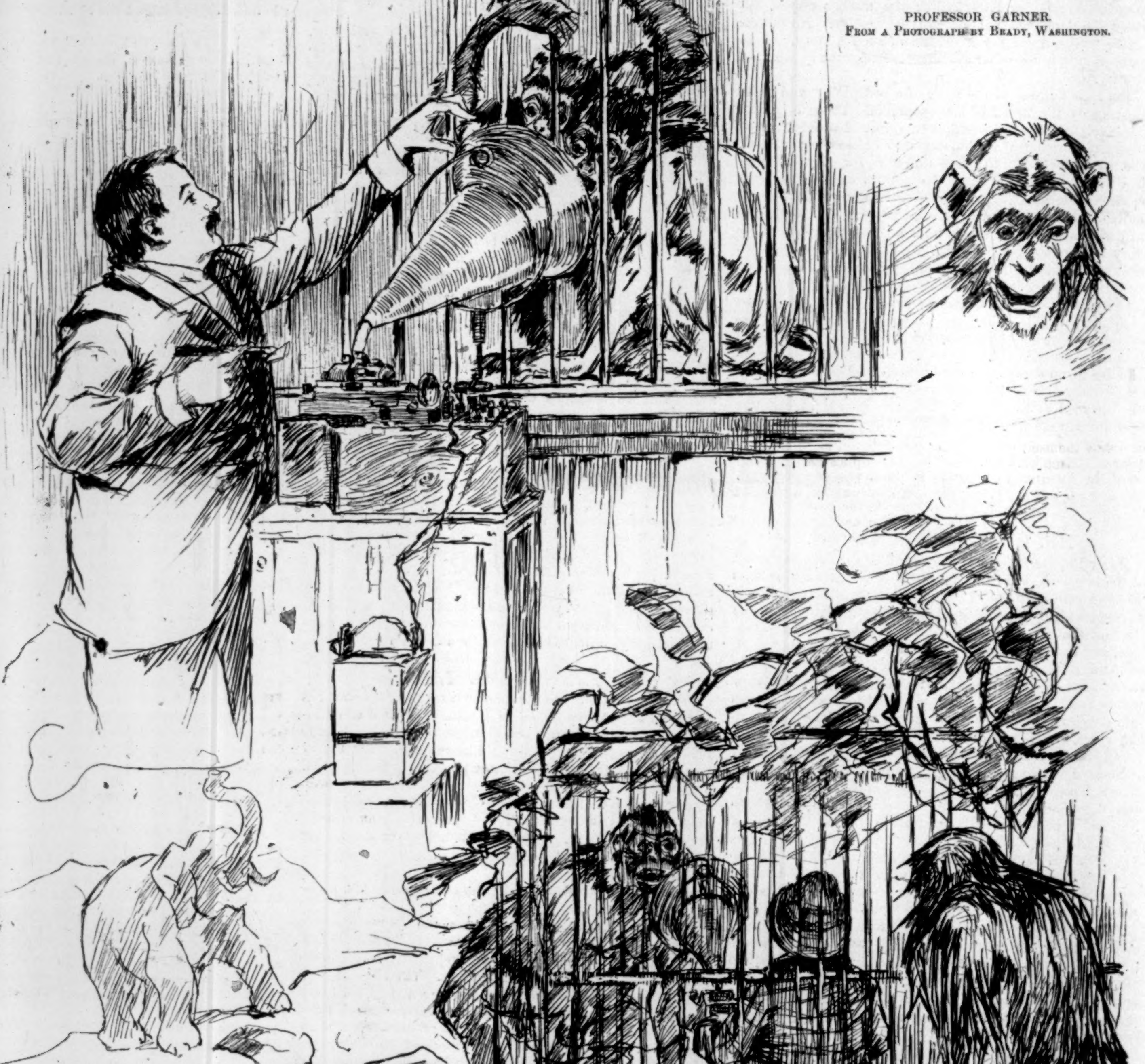
—It gives one a vivid idea of the rapid development of the West to learn that the man who started the system of pony expresses between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains is now of but little more than middle age. This pioneer expressman of the plains is Captain Mark O. Ainslie, who, about forty years ago, began to carry mail matter and small bundles from the little settlement of Denver to the older-established towns on the Missouri. His wildest hopes could not have anticipated the wonderful expansion of the business he started in so humble a way. He is nowadays a bright and active man, with many interesting stories of the days when hostile Indians were the only wayfarers he met on his lonely trips.

—Two of the younger members of the new Congress—Representative Bailey, of Texas, who is twenty-eight, and Representative Sherman Hoar, of Massachusetts, who is thirty-one—are expected to attract more than usual attention as orators. Mr. Bailey, who in face is said to resemble Stephen A. Douglas, but whose stature is that of Clay, has made a name in the South as a persuasive speaker, while Mr. Hoar inherits the eloquence for which his family has been noted. He was the orator of his college class at Harvard, and he has a strong, sonorous, and well-modulated voice. With Governor Russell and Josiah Quincy, he belongs to a trio of young Massachusetts Democrats whose oratorical ability gives promise of recalling the days of Wendell Phillips and Robert Winthrop.

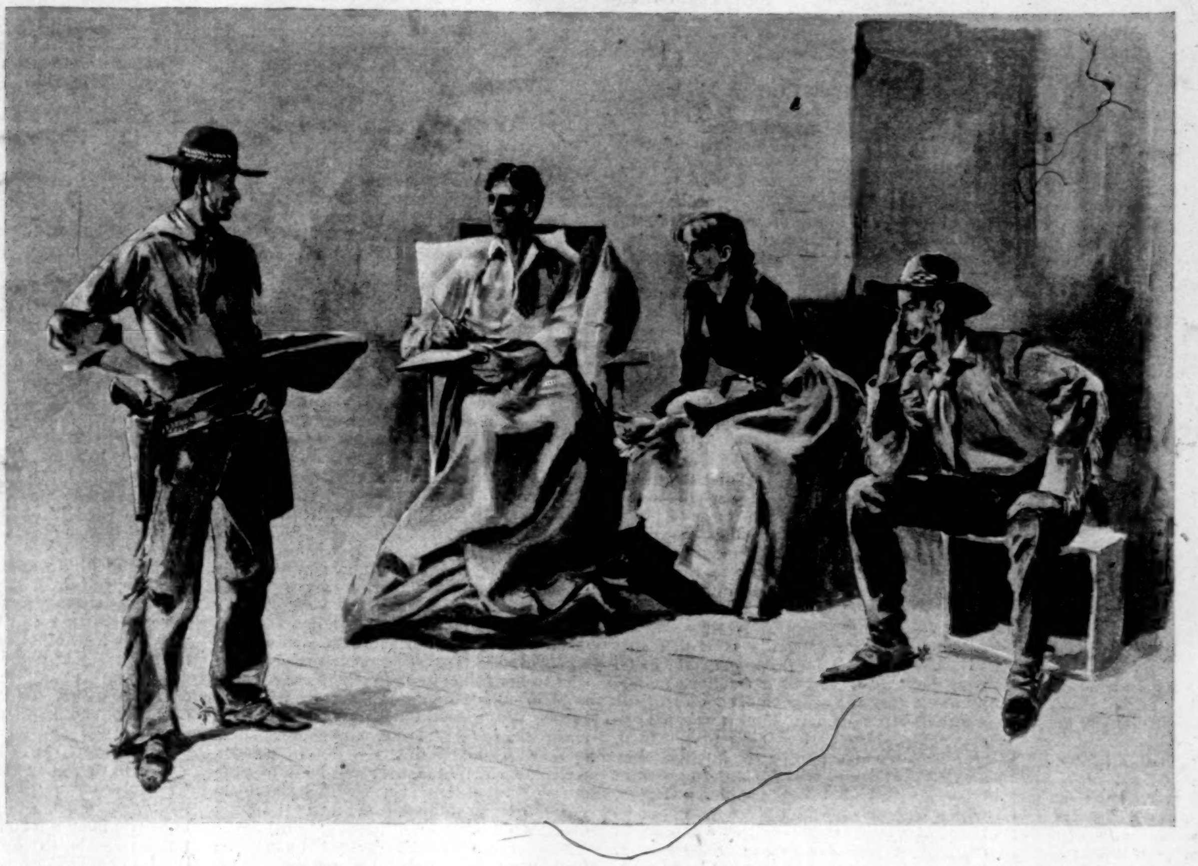


PROFESSOR GARNER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.





PROFESSOR GARNER'S EXPERIMENTS AT CENTRAL PARK.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 1050.]



THE THREE JOHNS.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

THE equinoctial line itself is not more imaginary than the line which divided the estates of the three Johns. The herds of the three Johns roamed at will, and nibbled the short grass far and near without let or hinderance; and the three Johns themselves were utterly indifferent as to boundary lines. Each of them had filed his application at the office of the government land agent; each was engaged in the tedious task of "proving up"; and each owned one-third of the L-shaped cabin which stood at the point where the three ranches touched. The hundred and sixty acres which would have completed this quadrangle had not yet been "taken up."

The three Johns were not anxious to have a neighbor. Indeed, they had made up their minds that if one appeared on that adjoining "hun'erd an' sixty," it would go hard with him. For they did not deal in justice very much—the three Johns. They considered it effete. It belonged in the East along with other outgrown superstitions. And they had given it out widely that it would be healthier for land applicants to give them elbow-room. It took a good many miles of sunburnt prairie to afford elbow-room for the three Johns.

They met by accident in Hamilton at the land office. John Henderson, fresh from Cincinnati, manifestly unused to the ways of the country, looked at John Gillispie with a lurking smile. Gillispie wore a sombrero, fresh, white, and expansive. His boots had high heels, and were of elegant leather and finely arched at the instep. His corduroys disappeared in them half-way up the thigh. About his waist a sash of blue held a laced shirt of the same color in place. Henderson puffed at his cigarette, and continued to look a trifle quizzical.

Suddenly Gillispie walked up to him and said, in a voice of complete suavity, "Dam yeh, smoke a pipe!"

"Eh?" said Henderson, stupidly.

"Smoke a pipe," said the other. "That thing you have is bad for your complexion."

"I can take care of my complexion," said Henderson, firmly.

The two looked each other straight in the eye.

"You don't go on smoking that thing till you have apologized for that grin you had on your phiz a moment ago."

"I laugh when I please and I smoke what I please," said Henderson, hotly, his face flaming as he realized that he was in for his first "row."

That was how it began. How it would have ended is not known—probably there would have been only one John—if it had not been for the almost miraculous appearance at this moment of the third John. For just then the two belligerents found themselves prostrate, their pistols only half cocked, and between them stood a man all gnarled and squat, like one of those wind-torn oaks which grow on the arid heights. He was no older than the others, but the lines in his face were deep, and his large mouth twitched as he said:

"Hold on here, yeh fools! There's too much blood in you to spill. You'll spile th' floor, and waste good stuff. We need blood out here!"

Gillispie bounced to his feet. Henderson arose suspiciously, keeping his eyes on his assailants.

"Oh, get up!" cried the intercessor. "We don't shoot men hereabouts till they git on their feet in fightin' trim."

"What do you know about what we do here?" interrupted Gillispie. "This is the first time I ever saw you around."

"That's so," the other admitted. "I'm just down from Montana. Came to take up a quarter section. Where I come from we give men a show, an' I thought perhaps yeh did th' same here."

"Why, yes," admitted Gillispie, "we do. But I don't want folks to laugh too much—not when I'm around—unless they tell me what the joke is. I was just mentioning it to the gentleman," he added, dryly.

"So I saw," said the other; "you're kind a emphatic in yer remarks. Yeh ought to give the gentleman a chance to git used to the ways of th' country. He'll be as tough as th' rest of us if you'll give him a chance. I kin see it in him."

"Thank you," said Henderson. "I'm glad you do me justice. I wish you wouldn't let daylight through me till I've had a chance to get my quarter section. I'm going to be one of you, either as a live man or a corpse. But I prefer a hundred and sixty acres of land to six feet of it."

"There, now!" triumphantly cried the squat man. "Didn't I tell yeh? Give him a show! 'Tain't no fault of his that he's a tenderfoot. He'll get over that."

Gillispie shook hands with first one and then the other of the men. "It's a square deal from this on," he said. "Come and have a drink."

That's how they met—John Henderson, John Gillispie, and John Waite. And a week later they were putting up a shanty together for common use, which overlapped each of their reservations, and satisfied the law with its sociable subterfuge.

The life wasn't bad, Henderson decided, and he adopted all the ways of the country in an astonishingly short space of time. There was a freedom about it all which was certainly complete. The three alternated in the night watch. Once a week one of them went to town for provisions. They were not good at the making of bread, so they contented themselves with hot cakes. Then there was salt pork for a staple, and prunes. They slept in straw-lined bunks, with warm blankets for a covering. They made a point of bringing reading matter back from town every week, and there were always cards to fall back on, and Waite sang songs for them with natural dramatic talent.

Nevertheless, in spite of their contentment, none of them was sorry when the opportunity offered for going to town. There was always a bit of stirring gossip to be picked up, and now and then there was a "show" at the "opera house," in which, it is almost unnecessary to say, no opera had ever been sung. Then there was the hotel, at which one not only got good fare, but a chat with the three daughters of Jim O'Neal, the proprietor—girls with the accident of two Irish parents, who were, notwithstanding, as typically American as they well could be. A half-hour's talk with these cheerful young women was all the more to be desired for the reason that within riding distance of the three Johns' ranch there were only two other women. One was Minerva Fitch, who had gone out from Michigan accompanied by an oil stove and a knowledge of the English grammar, with the intention of teaching school, but who had been unable to carry these good intentions into execution for the reason that there were no children to teach. At least, none but Bow-legged Joe. He was a sad little fellow, who looked like a prairie-dog, and who had very much the same sort of an outlook on life. The other woman was the brisk and efficient wife of Mr. Bill Deems, of "Missourah." Mr. Deems had never in his life done anything, not even so much as bring in a basket of buffalo chips to supply the scanty fire. That is to say, he had done nothing strictly utilitarian. Yet he filled his place. He was the most accomplished story-teller in the whole valley, and this accomplishment of his was held in as high esteem as the improvisations of a Welsh minstrel were among his reverencing people. His wife alone deprecated his skill, and interrupted his spirited narratives with sarcastic allusions concerning the empty cupboard, and the "state of her back," to which, as she confided to any who would listen, "there was not a rag fit to wear."

These two ladies had not, as may be surmised, any particular attraction for John Henderson. Truth to tell, Henderson had not come West with the intention of liking women, but rather with a determination to see and think as little of them as possible. Yet even the most confirmed misogynist must admit that it is a good thing to see a woman now and then, and for this reason Henderson found it amusing to converse with the amiable Misses O'Neal. At twenty-five one cannot be unyielding in one's avoidance of the sex.

Henderson, with his pony at a fine lope, was on his way to town one day, in that comfortable frame of mind adduced by an absence of any ideas whatever, when he suddenly became conscious of a shiver that seemed to run from his legs to the pony, and back again. The animal gave a startled leap, and lifted his ears. There was a stirring in the coarse grasses; the sky, which a moment before had been like sapphire, dulled with an indescribable grayness.

Then came a little singing afar off, as if from a distant convocation of cicadæ, and before Henderson could guess what it meant, a cloud of dust was upon him, blinding and bewildering, pricking with sharp particles at eyes and nostrils. The pony was an ugly fellow, and when Henderson felt him put his forefeet together, he knew what that meant, and braced himself for the struggle. But it was useless; he had not yet acquired the knack of staying on the back of a bucking bronco, and the next moment he was on the ground, and around him whirled that saffron chaos of dust. The temperature lowered every moment. Henderson instinctively felt that this was but the beginning of the storm. He picked himself up without useless regrets for his pony, and made his way on.

The saffron hue turned to blackness, and then out of the murk shot a living green ball of fire, and ploughed into the earth. Then sheets of water, that seemed to come simultaneously from earth and sky, swept the prairie, and in the midst of it struggled Henderson, weak as a little child, half bereft of sense by the strange numbness of head and dulness of eye. Another of those green balls fell and burst, as it actually appeared to him, before his horrified eyes, and the bellow and blare of the explosion made him cry out in a madness of fright and physical pain. In the illumination he had seen a cabin only a few feet in front of him, and toward it he made frantically, with an animal's instinctive desire for shelter.

The door did not yield at once to his pressure, and in the panic of his fear he threw his weight against it. There was a cry from within, a fall, and Henderson flung himself in the cabin, and closed the door.

In the dusk of the storm he saw a woman half prostrate. It was she whom he had pushed from the door. He caught the hook in its staple, and turned to raise her. She was not trembling as much as he, but, like himself, she was dizzy with the shock of the lightning. In the midst of all the clamor Henderson heard a shrill crying, and looking toward the side of the room, he dimly perceived three tiny forms crouched in one of the bunks. The woman took the smallest of the children in her arms, and kissed and soothed it; and Henderson, after he had thrown a blanket at the bottom of the door to keep out the drifting rain, sat with his back to it, bracing it against the wind, lest the frail staple should give way. He managed some way to reach out and lay hold of the other little ones, and got them in his arms—a boy, so tiny he seemed hardly human, and a girl somewhat sturdier. They cuddled in his arms, and clutched his clothes with their frantic little hands, and the three sat so while the earth and the heavens seemed to be meeting in angry combat.

And back and forth, back and forth, in the dimness swayed the body of the woman, hushing her babe.

Almost as suddenly as the darkness had fallen, it lifted. The lightning ceased to threaten, and almost frolicked—

little wayward flashes of white and yellow dancing in mid-air. The wind wailed less frequently, like a child who sobs in its sleep. And at last Henderson could make his voice heard.

"Is there anything with which to build a fire?" he shouted. "The children are shivering so."

The woman pointed to a basket of buffalo chips in the corner, and he wrapped his little companions up in a blanket while he made a fire in the cooking-stove. The baby was sleeping by this time, and the woman began tidying the cabin, and when the fire was burning brightly, she put some coffee on.

"I wish I had some clothes to offer you," she said, when the wind had subsided sufficiently to make talking possible. "I'm afraid you'll have to let them get dry on you."

"Oh, that's of no consequence at all! We're lucky to get off with our lives. I never saw anything so terrible. Fancy! half an hour ago it was summer; now it is winter!"

"It seems rather sudden when you're not used to it," the woman admitted. "I've lived in the West six years now; you can't frighten me any more. We never die out here before our time comes."

"You seem to know that I haven't been here long," said Henderson, with some chagrin.

"Yes," admitted the woman; "you have the ear-marks of a man from the East."

She was a tall woman, with large blue eyes, and a remarkable quantity of yellow hair braided on top of her head. Her gown was of calico, of such a pattern as a widow might wear.

"I haven't been out of town a week yet," she said. "We're not half settled. Not having any one to help makes it harder; and the baby is rather fretful."

"But you're not alone with all these little codgers?" cried Henderson, in dismay.

The woman turned toward him with a sort of defiance. "Yes, I am," she said; "and I'm as strong as a horse, and I mean to get through all right. Here were the three children in my arms, you may say, and no way to get in a cent. I wasn't going to stand it just to please other folk. I said, let them talk if they want to, but I'm going to hold down a claim, and be accumulating something while the children are getting up a bit. Oh, I'm not afraid!"

In spite of this bold assertion of bravery, there was a sort of break in her voice. She was putting dishes on the table as she talked, and turned some ham in the skillet, and got the children up before the fire, and dropped some eggs in water—all with a rapidity that bewildered Henderson.

"How long have you been alone?" he asked, softly.

"Three months before baby was born, and he's five months old now. I—I—you think I can get on here, don't you? There was nothing else to do."

She was folding another blanket over the sleeping baby now, and the action brought to her guest the recollection of a thousand tender moments of his dimly remembered youth.

"You'll get on if we have anything to do with it," he cried, suppressing an oath with difficulty just from pure emotion.

And he told her about the three Johns' ranch, and found it was only three miles distant, and that both were on the same road; only her cabin, having been put up during the past week, had of course been unknown to him. So it ended in a sort of compact that they were to help each other in such ways as they could. Meanwhile the fire got genial, and the coffee filled the cabin with its comfortable scent, and all of them ate together quite merrily, Henderson cutting up the ham for the youngsters; and he told how he chanced to come out; and she entertained him with stories of what she thought at first when she was brought a bride to Hamilton, the adjacent village; and convulsed him with stories of the people, whom she saw with humorous eyes.

Henderson marvelled how she could in those few minutes have rescued the cabin from the desolation in which the storm had plunged it. Out of the window he could see the stricken grasses dripping cold moisture, and the sky still angrily plunging forward like a disturbed sea. Not a tree or a house broke the view. The desolation of it swept over him as it never had before. But within the little ones were chattering to themselves in odd baby dialect, and the mother was laughing with them.

"Women aren't always useless," she said at parting; "and you tell your chums that when they get hungry for a slice of home-made bread they can get it here. And the next time they go by, I want them to stop in and look at the children. It'll do them good. They may think they won't enjoy themselves, but they will."

"Oh, I'll answer for that!" cried he, shaking hands with her. "I'll tell them we have just the right sort of a neighbor."

"Thank you," said she, heartily. "And you may tell them that her name is Catherine Ford."

Once at home, he told his story.

"H'm!" said Gillispie. "I guess I'll have to go to town myself to-morrow."

Henderson looked at him blackly. "She's a woman alone, Gillispie," said he, severely, "trying to make her way with handicaps—"

"Shet up, can't ye, ye darned fool?" roared Gillispie. "What do yeh take me fur?"

Waite was putting on his rubber coat preparatory to going out for his night with the cattle. "Guess you're makin' a mistake, my boy," he said, gently. "There ain't no danger of any woman bein' treated rude in these parts."

"I know it, by Jove!" cried Henderson, in quick contriteness.

"All right," grunted Gillispie, in tacit acceptance of this apology. "I guess you thought you was in civilized parts."

Two days after this Waite came in late to his supper. "Well, I seen her," he announced.

"Oh! did you?" cried Henderson, knowing perfectly well whom he meant. "What was she doing?"

"Killin' snakes, b' gosh! She says th' baby's crazy fur um, an' so she takes aroun' a hoe on her shoulder wherever she goes, an' when she sees a snake, she has it out with 'im then an' there. I says to 'er, 'Yer don't expec' t' git all th' snakes outen this here country, d' yeh?' 'Well,' she says, 'I'm as good a man as St. Patrick any day.' She is a jolly one, Henderson. She tuk me in an' showed me th' kids, and give me a loaf of gingerbread to bring home. Here it is; see?"

"Hu!" said Gillispie. "I'm not in it." But for all of his scorn he was not above eating the gingerbread.

It was gardening time, and the three Johns were putting in every spare moment in the little paling made of willow twigs behind the house. It was little enough time they had, though, for the cattle were new to each other and to the country, and they were hard to manage. It was generally conceded that Waite had a genius for herding, and he could take the "mad" out of a fractious animal in a way that the others looked on as little less than superhuman. Thus it was that one day, when the clay had been well turned, and the seeds arranged on the kitchen table, and all things prepared for an afternoon of busy planting, that Waite and Henderson, who were needed out with the cattle, felt no little irritation at the inexplicable absence of Gillispie, who was to look after the garden. It was quite nightfall when he at last returned. Supper was ready, although it had been Gillispie's turn to prepare it.

Henderson was sore from his saddle, and cross at having to do more than his share of the work. "Dam yeh!" he cried, as Gillispie appeared. "Where yeh been?"

"Making garden," responded Gillispie, slowly.

"Making garden!" Henderson indulged in some more harmless oaths.

Just then Gillispie drew from under his coat a large and friendly looking apple-pie. "Yes," he said, with emphasis; "I've bin a-makin' garden fur Mis' Ford."

And so it came about that the three Johns knew her and served her, and that she never had a need that they were not ready to supply if they could. Not one of them would have thought of going to town without stopping to inquire what was needed at the village. As for Catherine Ford, she was fighting her way with native pluck and maternal unselfishness. If she had feared solitude, she did not suffer from it. The activity of her life stifled her fresh sorrow. She was pleasantly excited by the rumors that a railroad was soon to be built near the place, which would raise the value of the claim she was "holding down" many thousand dollars.

It is marvellous how sorrow shrinks when one is very healthy and very much occupied. Although poverty was her close companion, Catherine had no thought of it in this primitive manner of living. She had come out there, with the independence and determination of a Western woman, for the purpose of living at the least possible expense, and making the most she could while the baby was "getting out of her arms." That process has its pleasures, which every mother feels in spite of burdens, and the mind is happily dulled by nature's merciful provision. With a little child tugging at the breast, care and fret vanish, not because of the happiness so much as because of a certain mammal complacency, which is not at all intellectual, but serves its purpose better than the profoundest method of reasoning.

So, without any very unbearable misery at her recent widowhood, this healthy young woman worked in field and house, cared for her little ones, milked the two cows out in the corral, sewed, sang, rode, baked, and was happy for very wholesomeness. Sometimes she reproached herself that she was not more miserable, remembering that long grave back in the unkempt little prairie cemetery, and she sat down to coax her sorrow into proper prominence. But the baby cooing at her from its bunk, the low of the cattle from the corral begging her to relieve their heavy bags, the familiar call of one of her neighbors from without, even the burning sky of the summer dawns, broke the spell of this conjured sorrow, and in spite of herself she was again a very hearty and happy young woman. Besides, if one has a liking for comedy, it is impossible to be dull on a Nebraska prairie. The people are a merrier divertisement than the theatre with its hackneyed stories. Catherine Ford laughed a good deal, and she took the three Johns into her confidence, and they laughed with her. There was Minerva Fitch, who insisted on coming over to tell Catherine how to raise her children, and who was almost offended that the children wouldn't die of sunstroke when she predicted. And there was Bob Ackerman, who had inflammatory rheumatism and a Past, and who confided the latter to Mrs. Ford while she doctored the former with homœopathic medicines. And there were all the strange visionaries who came out prospecting, and quite naturally drifted to Mrs. Ford's cabin for a meal, and paid her in compliments of a peculiarly Western type. And there were the three Johns themselves. Catherine considered it no treason to laugh at them a little.

Yet at Waite she did not much laugh. There had come to be something pathetic in the constant service he rendered her. The beginning of his more particular devotion had begun in a peculiar way. Malaria was very bad in the country. It had carried off some of the most vigorous on the prairie, and twice that summer Catherine herself had laid out the cold forms of her neighbors on ironing-boards, and, with the assistance of Bill Deems of Missourah, had read the burial service over them. She had averted several other fatal runs of fever by the contents of her little medicine case. These remedies she dealt out with an intelligence that astonished her patients, until it was learned that she was studying medicine at the time that she met her late husband, and was persuaded to assume the responsibilities of matrimony instead of those of the medical profession.

One day in midsummer, when the sun was focussing itself on the raw pine boards of her shanty, and Catherine had the shades drawn for coolness and the water-pitcher swathed in wet rags, East Indian fashion, she heard the familiar halloo of Waite down the road. This greeting, which was usually sent to her from the point where the dipping road lifted itself into the first view of the house, did not contain its usual note of cheerfulness. Catherine, wiping her hands on her checked apron, ran out to wave a welcome, and Waite, his squat body looking more distorted than ever, his huge shoulders lurching as he walked, came fairly plunging down the hill.

"It's all up with Henderson!" he cried as Catherine approached. "He's got the malery, an' he says he's dyin'."

"That's no sign he's dying, because he says so," retorted Catherine.

"He wants to see yeh," panted Waite, mopping his big ugly head. "I think he's got somethin' particular to say."

"How long has he been down?"

"Three days; an' yeh wouldn't know 'im."

The children were playing on the floor at that side of the house where it was least hot. Catherine poured out three bowls of milk and cut some bread, meanwhile telling Kitty how to feed the baby.

"She's a sensible thing, is the little daughter," said Catherine, as she tied on her sunbonnet and packed a little basket with things from the cupboard. She kissed the babies tenderly, flung her hoe—her only weapon of defence—over her shoulder, and the two started off.

They did not speak, for their throats were soon too parched. The prairie was burned brown with the heat; the grasses curled as if they had been on a gridiron. A strong wind was blowing, but it brought no comfort, for it was heavy with a scorching heat. The skin smarted and blistered under it, and the eyes felt as if they were filled with sand. The sun seemed to swing but a little way above the earth, and though the sky was intensest blue, around about this burning ball there was a halo of copper, as if the very ether were being consumed in yellow fire.

Waite put some big burdock leaves on Catherine's head under her bonnet, and now and then he took a bottle of water from his pocket and made her swallow a mouthful. She staggered often as she walked, and the road was black before her. Still, it was not very long before the oddly shaped shack of the three Johns came in sight, and as he caught a glimpse of it, Waite quickened his footsteps.

"What if he should be gone?" he said, under his breath.

"Oh, come off!" said Catherine, angrily. "He's not gone. You make me tired!"

But she was trembling when she stopped just before the door to compose herself for a moment. Indeed, she trembled so very much that Waite put out his sprawling hand to steady her. She gently felt the pressure tightening, and Waite whispered in her ear:

"I guess I'd stand by him as well as anybody, excep' you, Mis' Ford. He's been my bes' friend. But I guess you like him better, eh?"

Catherine raised her finger. She could hear Henderson's voice within; it was pitiably querulous. He was half sitting up in his bunk, and Gillispie had just handed him a plate on which two cakes were swimming in black molasses and pork gravy. Henderson looked at it a moment; then over his face came a look of utter despair. He dropped his head in his arms and broke into uncontrolled crying.

"Oh, my God, Gillispie," he sobbed, "I shall die out here in this wretched hole! I want my mother. Great God, Gillispie, am I going to die without ever seeing my mother?"

Gillispie, maddened at this anguish, which he could in no way alleviate, sought comfort by first lighting his pipe and then taking his revolver out of his hip pocket and playing with it. Henderson continued to shake with sobs, and Catherine, who had never before in her life heard a man cry, leaned against the door for a moment to gather courage. Then she ran into the house quickly, laughing as she came. She took Henderson's arms away from his face and laid him back on the pillow, and she stooped over him and kissed his forehead in the most matter-of-fact way.

"That's what your mother would do if she were here," she cried, merrily. "Where's the water?"

She washed his face and hands a long time till they were cool and his convulsive sobs had ceased. Then she took a slice of thin bread from her basket and a spoonful of amber jelly. She beat an egg into some milk and dropped a little liquor within it, and served them together on the first clean napkin that had been in the cabin of the three Johns since it was built.

At this the great fool on the bed cried again, only quietly, tears of weak happiness running from his feverish eyes. And Catherine straightened the disorderly cabin. She came every day for two weeks, and by that time Henderson, very uncertain as to the strength of his legs, but once more accoutred in his native pluck, sat up in a chair, for which she had made clean soft cushions, writing a letter to his mother. The floor was scrubbed; the cabin had taken to itself cupboards made of packing-boxes; it had clothes-presses and shelves; curtains at the windows; boxes for all sorts of necessaries, from flour to tobacco; and a cook-book on the wall, with an inscription within which was more appropriate than respectful.

The day that she announced that she would have no further call to come back, Waite, who was looking after the house while Gillispie was afield, made a little speech.

"After this here," he said, "we four stands er falls together. Now look here, there's lots of things can happen to a person on this cussed praira, and no one be none th' wiser. So see here, Mis' Ford, every night one of us is a-goin' to th' roof of this shack. From there we can see your place. If anything is th' matter—it don't signify how little er how big—you hang a lantern on th' stick that I'll put alongside th' house to-morrow. Yeh can h'ist th' light up with a string, and every mornin' before we go out we'll look too, and a white rag 'll bring us quick as we can git there. We don't say nothin' about what we owe yeh, fur that ain't our way, but we sticks to each other from this on."

Catherine's eyes were moist. She looked at Henderson. His face had no expression in it at all. He did not even say good-by to her, and she turned, with the tears suddenly dried under her lids, and walked down the road in the twilight.

Weeks went by, and though Gillispie and Waite were often at Catherine's, Henderson never came. Gillispie gave it out as his opinion that Henderson was an ungrateful puppy, but Waite said nothing. This strange man, who seemed like a mere untoward accident of nature, had changed during the summer. His big ill-shaped body had grown more gaunt; his deep-set gray eyes had sunk deeper; the gentleness which had distinguished him even on the wild ranges of Montana became more marked. Late in August he volunteered to take on himself the entire charge of the night watch.

"It's nicer to be out at night," he said to Catherine. "Then you don't keep looking off at things; you can look inside;" and he struck his breast with his splay hand.

Cattle are timorous under the stars. The vastness of the plains, the sweep of the wind under the unbroken arch, frighten them; they are made for the close comforts of the barnyard; and the apprehension is contagious, as every ranchman knows. Waite realized the need of becoming good friends with his animals. Night after night, riding up and down in the twilight of the stars, or dozing, rolled in his blanket, in the shelter of a knoll, he would hear a low roar; it was the cry of the alarmist. Then from every direction the cattle would rise with trembling awkwardness on their knees, and answer, giving out sullen bellowings. Some of them would begin to move from place to place, spreading the baseless alarm, and then came the time for action, else over the plain in mere fruitless frenzy would go the whole frantic band, lashed to madness by their own fears, trampling each other, heedless of any obstacle, in pitiable, deadly rout. Waite knew the premonitory signs well, and at the first warning bellow he was on his feet, alert and determined, his energy nerved for a struggle in which he always conquered.

Waite had a secret which he told to none, knowing, in his unanalytical fashion, that it would not be believed in. But soon as ever the dark heads of the cattle began to lift themselves, he sent a resonant voice out into the stillness. The songs he sang were hymns, and he made them into a sort of imperative lullaby. Waite let his lungs and soul fill with the breath of the night; he gave himself up to the exaltation of mastering those trembling brutes. Mounting, melodious, with even and powerful swing he let his full notes fall on the air in the confidence of power, and one by one the reassured cattle would lie down again, lowing in soft contentment, and so fall asleep with noses stretched out in mute attention, till their presence could hardly be guessed except for the sweet aroma of their cuds.

One night in the early dusk he saw Catherine Ford hastening across the prairie with Bill Deems. He sent a halloo out to them, which they both answered as they ran on. Waite knew on what errand of mercy Catherine was bent, and he thought of the children over at the cabin alone. The cattle were quiet, the night beautiful, and he concluded that it was safe enough, since he was on his pony, to ride down there about midnight and see that the little ones were safe.

The dark sky, pricked with points of intensest light, hung over him so beneficently that in his heart there leaped a joy which even his ever present sorrow could not disturb. This sorrow Waite openly admitted not only to himself, but to others. He had said to Catherine: "You see, I'll always hev to love yeh. An' yeh'll not git cross with me; I'm not goin' to be in th' way." And Catherine had told him, with tears in her eyes, that his love could never be but a comfort to any woman. And these words, which the poor fellow had in no sense mistaken, comforted him always, became part of his joy as he rode there, under those piercing stars, to look after her little ones. He found them sleeping in their bunks, the baby tight in Kitty's arms, the little boy above them in the upper bunk, with his hand in the long hair of his brown spaniel. Waite softly kissed each of them, so Kitty, who was half waking, told her mother afterwards, and then, bethinking him that Catherine might not be able to return in time for their breakfast, found the milk and bread, and set it for them on the table. Catherine had been writing, and her unfinished letter lay open beside the ink. He took up the pen and wrote,

"The childdren was all asleep at twelv.
"J. W."

He had not more than got on his pony again before he heard an ominous sound that made his heart leap. It was a frantic dull pounding of hoofs. He knew in a second what it meant. There was a stampede among the cattle. If the animals had all been his, he would not have lost his sense of judgment. But the realization that he had voluntarily undertaken the care of them, and that the larger part of them belonged to his friends, put him in a passion of apprehension that, as a ranchman, was almost inexplicable. He did the very thing of all others that no cattle-man in his right senses would think of doing. Gillispie and Henderson, talking it over afterward, were never able to understand it. It is possible—just barely possible—that Waite, still drunk on his solitary dreams, knew what he was doing, and chose to bring his little chapter to an end while the lines were pleasant. At any rate, he rode straight forward, shouting and waving his arms in an insane endeavor to head off that frantic mob. The noise woke the children, and they peered from the window as the pawing and bellowing herd plunged by, trampling the young steers under their feet.

In the early morning Catherine Ford, spent both in mind and body, came walking slowly home. In her heart was a prayer of thanksgiving. Mary Deems lay sleeping back in her comfortless shack, with her little son by her side.

"The wonder of God is in it," said Catherine to herself as she walked home. "All the ministers of all the world could not have preached me such a sermon as I've had to-night."

So dim had been the light and so perturbed her mind that she had not noticed how torn and trampled was the road. But suddenly a bulk in her pathway startled her. It was the dead and mangled body of a steer. She stooped over it to read the brand on its flank. "It's one of the three Johns'," she cried out, looking anxiously about her. "How could that have happened?"

The direction which the cattle had taken was toward her house, and she hastened homeward. And not a quarter of a mile from her door she found the body of Waite beside that of his pony, crushed out of its familiar form into something unspeakably shapeless. In her excitement she half dragged, half carried that mutilated body home, and then ran up her signal of alarm on the stick that Waite himself had erected for her convenience. She thought it would be a long time before any one reached her, but she had hardly had time to bathe the disfigured face and straighten the disfigured body before Henderson was pounding at her door. Outside stood his pony panting from its terrific exertions. Henderson had not seen her before for six weeks. Now he stared at her with frightened eyes.

"What is it? What is it?" he cried. "What has happened to you, my—my love?"

At least afterward, thinking it over as she worked by day or tossed in her narrow bunk at night, it seemed to Catherine that those were the words he spoke. Yet she could never feel sure; nothing in his manner after that justified the impassioned anxiety of his manner in those first few uncertain moments; for a second later he saw the body of his friend and learned the little that Catherine knew. They buried him the next day in a little hollow where there was a spring and some wild aspens.

"He never liked the prairie," Catherine said, when she selected the spot. "And I want him to lie as sheltered as possible."

After he had been laid at rest, and she was back, busy with tidying her neglected shack, she fell to crying so that the children were scared.

"There's no one left to care what becomes of us," she told them, bitterly. "We might starve out here for all that any one cares."

And all through the night her tears fell, and she told herself that they were all for the man whose last thought was for her and her babies; she told herself over and over again that her tears were all for him. After this the autumn began to hurry on, and the snow fell capriciously, days of biting cold giving place to retrospective glances at summer. The last of the vegetables were taken out of the garden and buried in the cellar, and a few tons of coal—dear almost as diamonds—were brought out to provide against the severest weather. Ordinarily buffalo chips were the fuel. Catherine was alarmed at the way her wretched little store of money began to vanish. The baby was fretful with its teething, and was really more care than when she nursed it. The days shortened, and it seemed to her that she was forever working by lamp-light. The prairies were brown and forbidding, the sky often a mere gray pall. The monotony of the life began to seem terrible. Sometimes her ears ached for a sound. For a time in the summer so many had seemed to need her that she had been happy in spite of her poverty and her loneliness. Now, suddenly, no one wanted her. She could find no source of inspiration. She wondered how she was going to live through the winter, and keep her patience and her good-nature.

"You'll love me," she said, almost fiercely, one night to the children—"you'll love mamma, no matter how cross and homely she gets, won't you?"

The cold grew day by day. A strong winter was setting in. Catherine took up her study of medicine again, and sat over her books till midnight. It occurred to her that she might fit herself for nursing by spring, and that the children could be put with some one—she did not dare to think with whom. But this was the only solution she could find to her problem of existence.

November settled down drearily. Few passed the shack. Catherine, who had no one to speak with excepting the children, continually devised amusements for them. They got to living in a world of fantasy, and were never themselves, but always wild Indians, or arctic explorers, or Robinson Crusoes. Kitty and Roderick, young as they were, found a never-ending source of amusement in these little grotesque dreams and dramas. The fund of money was getting so low that Catherine was obliged to economize even in the necessities. If it had not been for her two cows, she would hardly have known how to find food for her little ones. But she had a wonderful way of making things with eggs and milk, and she kept her little table always inviting. The day before Thanksgiving she determined that they should all have a frolic.

"By Christmas," she said to Kitty, "the snow may be so bad that I cannot get to town. We'll have our high old time now."

There is no denying that Catherine used slang even in talking to the children. The little pony had been sold long ago, and going to town meant a walk of twelve miles. But Catherine started out early in the morning, and was back by nightfall, not so very much the worse, and carrying in her arms bundles which might have fatigued a bronco.

The next morning she was up early, and was as happy and ridiculously excited over the prospect of the day's merrymaking as if she had been Kitty. Busy as she was, she noticed a peculiar oppression in the air, which intensified as the day went on. The sky seemed to hang but a little way above the rolling stretch of frost-bitten grass. But Kitty laughing over her new doll, Roderick startling the sullen silence with his drum, the smell of the chicken, slaughtered to make a prairie holiday, browning in the oven, drove all apprehensions from Catherine's mind. She was a common creature. Such very little things could make her happy. She sang as she worked, and what with the drumming of her boy and the little exulting shrieks of her baby, the shack was filled with a deafening and exhilarating din.

It was a little past noon, when she became conscious that there was sweeping down on her a gray sheet of snow and ice, and not till then did she realize what those lowering clouds had signified. For one moment she stood half paralyzed. She thought of everything—of the cattle, of the chance for being buried in this drift, of the stock of provisions, of the power of endurance of the children. While she was still thinking, the first ice needles of the blizzard came peppering the windows. The cattle ran bellowing to the lee side of the house and crouched there, and the chickens scurried for the coop. Catherine seized such blankets and bits of carpet as she could find, and crammed them at windows and doors. Then she piled coal on the fire, and clothed the children in all they had that was warmest, their out-door garments included, and with them close about her, she sat and waited. The wind seemed to push steadily at the walls of the house. The howling became horrible. She could see that the children were crying with fright, but she could not hear them. The air was dusky; the cold, in spite of the fire, intolerable. In every crevice of the wretched structure the ice and snow made their way. It came through the roof, and began piling up in little pointed strips under the crevices. Catherine put the children all together in one bunk, covered them with all the bedclothes she had, and then stood before them defiantly, facing the west, from whence the wind was driving. Not suddenly, but by mere resistance, at length the window-sash yielded, and the next moment that whirlwind was in the house—a maddening tumult of ice and wind, leaving no room for resistance; a killing cold, against which it was futile to fight. Catherine flung the bedclothes over the heads of the children, and then flung herself across the bunk, gasping and choking for breath. Her body would not have yielded to the suffering yet, so strongly made and sustained was it. But her dismay stifled her. She saw in one horrified moment the frozen forms of her babies, now so pink and pleasant to the sense, and oblivion came to save her from further misery.

She was alive—just barely alive—when Gillispie and Henderson got there, three hours later, the very balls of their eyes almost frozen into blindness. But for an instinct stronger than reason they would never have been able to have found their way across that trackless stretch. The children lying unconscious under their coverings were neither dead nor actually frozen, although the men putting their hands on their little hearts could not at first discover the beating. Stiff and suffering as these young fellows were, it was no easy matter to get the window back into place and relight the fire. They had tied flasks of liquor about their waists, and this beneficent fluid they used with that sense of appreciation which only a pioneer can feel toward whiskey. It was hours before Catherine rewarded them with a gleam of consciousness. Her body had been frozen in many places. Her arms, outstretched over her children and holding the clothes down about them, were rigid. But consciousness came at length dimly struggling up through her brain, and over her she saw her friends rubbing and rubbing those strong firm arms of her with snow.

She half raised her head, with a horror of comprehension in her eyes, and listened. A cry answered her—a cry of dull pain from the baby. Henderson dropped on his knees beside her.

"They are all safe," he said. "And we will never leave you again. I have been afraid to tell you how I love you. I thought I might offend you. I thought I ought to wait—you know why. But I will never let you run the risks of this awful life alone again. You must rename the baby. From this day his name is John. And we will have the three Johns again back at the old ranch. It doesn't matter whether you love me or not, Catherine, I am going to take care of you just the same. Gillispie agrees with me."

"Damme, yes," muttered Gillispie, feeling of his hip pocket for consolation in his old manner.

Catherine struggled to find her voice, but it would not come.

"Do not speak," whispered John. "Tell me with your eyes whether you will come as my wife or only as our sister."

Catherine told him.

"This is Thanksgiving day," said he. "And we don't know much about praying, but I guess we all have something in our hearts that does just as well."

"Damme, yes," said Gillispie again, who was lifting from the stove a boiler of warm water in which to put the baby.

THE HON. STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS.

On Thursday, December 17th, President Harrison sent to the Senate the nomination of Stephen B. Elkins as Secretary of War, in the place of the Hon. Redfield Proctor, whose resignation as Secretary and election as Senator from Vermont were lately chronicled in the WEEKLY. Mr. Elkins is credited to West Virginia, but he was born in Perry County, Ohio, on the 26th of September, fifty years ago. From thence he went to Missouri at an early age, and made it his home for several years, graduating from the Missouri University in 1860. He then took up the study of law, but the late war broke out about that time and fired the spirit of the young man, who took to soldiering. During 1862, and a part of the following year, he served as Captain in the Seventy-seventh Missouri regiment, but in the latter portion of 1863 he went to New Mexico as a cattle driver at fifteen dollars a month. He became very popular with the ranchmen, and was rated by them as the smartest "tenderfoot" who had ever been in that section. He had learned Spanish before going to the Southwest, and this enabled him to know the Mexicans who lived in New Mexico and Arizona. Mr. Elkins studied law with Asher & Cleaver, of Arizona, and soon after his admission to the bar was made a member of the firm, Mr. Cleaver having been sent to Congress as a Delegate. At that time pretty nearly every Mexican in these Territories held a peon—an Indian, half-breed, or Mexican—in bondage or virtual slavery. This was against the United States law, which provided that twenty-five dollars be given to any one who should secure the indictment of any such slave-holder. Mr. Elkins, it is said, secured the indictment of quite 10,000 Mexicans, and in this way became a capitalist. His action, at any rate, broke up slavery in Arizona and New Mexico. With this capital, he turned his attention to mining and stock-raising with great success, and for many years he has been considered one of the richest men in the United States. In 1865–6 Mr. Elkins was a member of the Legislature, and in 1868–9 Attorney-General for the Territory of New Mexico. For three years following he was United States District Attorney, after which he was elected as a Republican Delegate to Congress, and served two terms, finishing in 1877.

During his term in Congress he married the daughter of Senator Davis, of West Virginia, and in partnership with his father-in-law became deeply interested in the development of property in that State and in the West Virginia system of railroads. When Mr. Elkins's term in Congress had expired he made his home in West Virginia, though he also had a house in New York, where he has lived in the winter, and where, also, he has had his business office. Indeed, he has been so much in New York that he has become to be one of the best-known men on the streets of this city.

Mr. Elkins has long been identified as an active politician. From 1872 until 1884 he was a member of the National Republican Committee, and was a prominent figure in the Chicago Convention of 1884, which nominated James G. Blaine for the Presidency. During the canvass Mr. Elkins was most active, giving an earnest support to Mr. Blaine, and working in his interests. Since that time, however, though he has not taken such an active part in politics, he has always been considered a most powerful member of the Republican party, and soon after Mr. Proctor had been named to succeed Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Elkins's name was suggested as the probable nominee for the War Secretaryship.

Mr. Elkins has never let his politics interfere with his business, but, on the other hand, has often been charged with using his politics to help his business. "Steve" Dorsey used to say that no one knew as much about the Star Route postal contracts as "Steve" Elkins. In other matters, too, in which the government was interested he has had business connection. This is notably so with the North American Commercial Company, which secured the right to kill seals in the Bering Sea.

little wayward flashes of white and yellow dancing in mid-air. The wind wailed less frequently, like a child who sobs in its sleep. And at last Henderson could make his voice heard.

"Is there anything with which to build a fire?" he shouted. "The children are shivering so."

The woman pointed to a basket of buffalo chips in the corner, and he wrapped his little companions up in a blanket while he made a fire in the cooking-stove. The baby was sleeping by this time, and the woman began tidying the cabin, and when the fire was burning brightly, she put some coffee on.

"I wish I had some clothes to offer you," she said, when the wind had subsided sufficiently to make talking possible. "I'm afraid you'll have to let them get dry on you."

"Oh, that's of no consequence at all! We're lucky to get off with our lives. I never saw anything so terrible. Fancy! half an hour ago it was summer; now it is winter!"

"It seems rather sudden when you're not used to it," the woman admitted. "I've lived in the West six years now; you can't frighten me any more. We never die out here before our time comes."

"You seem to know that I haven't been here long," said Henderson, with some chagrin.

"Yes," admitted the woman; "you have the ear-marks of a man from the East."

She was a tall woman, with large blue eyes, and a remarkable quantity of yellow hair braided on top of her head. Her gown was of calico, of such a pattern as a widow might wear.

"I haven't been out of town a week yet," she said. "We're not half settled. Not having any one to help makes it harder; and the baby is rather fretful."

"But you're not alone with all these little codgers?" cried Henderson, in dismay.

The woman turned toward him with a sort of defiance. "Yes, I am," she said; "and I'm as strong as a horse, and I mean to get through all right. Here were the three children in my arms, you may say, and no way to get in a cent. I wasn't going to stand it just to please other folk. I said, let them talk if they want to, but I'm going to hold down a claim, and be accumulating something while the children are getting up a bit. Oh, I'm not afraid!"

In spite of this bold assertion of bravery, there was a sort of break in her voice. She was putting dishes on the table as she talked, and turned some ham in the skillet, and got the children up before the fire, and dropped some eggs in water—all with a rapidity that bewildered Henderson.

"How long have you been alone?" he asked, softly.

"Three months before baby was born, and he's five months old now. I—I—you think I can get on here, don't you? There was nothing else to do."

She was folding another blanket over the sleeping baby now, and the action brought to her guest the recollection of a thousand tender moments of his dimly remembered youth.

"You'll get on if we have anything to do with it," he cried, suppressing an oath with difficulty just from pure emotion.

And he told her about the three Johns' ranch, and found it was only three miles distant, and that both were on the same road; only her cabin, having been put up during the past week, had of course been unknown to him. So it ended in a sort of compact that they were to help each other in such ways as they could. Meanwhile the fire got genial, and the coffee filled the cabin with its comfortable scent, and all of them ate together quite merrily, Henderson cutting up the ham for the youngsters; and he told how he chanced to come out; and she entertained him with stories of what she thought at first when she was brought a bride to Hamilton, the adjacent village; and convulsed him with stories of the people, whom she saw with humorous eyes.

Henderson marvelled how she could in those few minutes have rescued the cabin from the desolation in which the storm had plunged it. Out of the window he could see the stricken grasses dripping cold moisture, and the sky still angrily plunging forward like a disturbed sea. Not a tree or a house broke the view. The desolation of it swept over him as it never had before. But within the little ones were chattering to themselves in odd baby dialect, and the mother was laughing with them.

"Women aren't always useless," she said at parting; "and you tell your chums that when they get hungry for a slice of home-made bread they can get it here. And the next time they go by, I want them to stop in and look at the children. It'll do them good. They may think they won't enjoy themselves, but they will."

"Oh, I'll answer for that!" cried he, shaking hands with her. "I'll tell them we have just the right sort of a neighbor."

"Thank you," said she, heartily. "And you may tell them that her name is Catherine Ford."

Once at home, he told his story.

"H'm!" said Gillispie; "I guess I'll have to go to town myself to-morrow."

Henderson looked at him blackly. "She's a woman alone, Gillispie," said he, severely, "trying to make her way with handicaps—"

"Shet up, can't ye, ye darned fool?" roared Gillispie. "What do yeh take me fur?"

Waite was putting on his rubber coat preparatory to going out for his night with the cattle. "Guess you're makin' a mistake, my boy," he said, gently. "There ain't no danger of any woman bein' treated rude in these parts."

"I know it, by Jove!" cried Henderson, in quick contriteness.

"All right," grunted Gillispie, in tacit acceptance of this apology. "I guess you thought you was in civilized parts."

Two days after this Waite came in late to his supper. "Well, I seen her," he announced.

"Oh! did you?" cried Henderson, knowing perfectly well whom he meant. "What was she doing?"

"Killin' snakes, b' gosh! She says th' baby's crazy fur um, an' so she takes aroun' a hoe on her shoulder wherever she goes, an' when she sees a snake, she has it out with 'em then an' there. I says to 'er, 'Yer don't expec' t' git all th' snakes outen this here country, d' yeh?' 'Well,' she says, 'I'm as good a man as St. Patrick any day.' She is a jolly one, Henderson. She tuk me in an' showed me th' kids, and give me a loaf of gingerbread to bring home. Here it is; see?"

"Hu!" said Gillispie. "I'm not in it." But for all of his scorn he was not above eating the gingerbread.

It was gardening time, and the three Johns were putting in every spare moment in the little paling made of willow twigs behind the house. It was little enough time they had, though, for the cattle were new to each other and to the country, and they were hard to manage. It was generally conceded that Waite had a genius for herding, and he could take the "mad" out of a fractious animal in a way that the others looked on as little less than superhuman. Thus it was that one day, when the clay had been well turned, and the seeds arranged on the kitchen table, and all things prepared for an afternoon of busy planting, that Waite and Henderson, who were needed out with the cattle, felt no little irritation at the inexplicable absence of Gillispie, who was to look after the garden. It was quite nightfall when he at last returned. Supper was ready, although it had been Gillispie's turn to prepare it.

Henderson was sore from his saddle, and cross at having to do more than his share of the work. "Dam yeh!" he cried, as Gillispie appeared. "Where yeh been?"

"Making garden," responded Gillispie, slowly.

"Making garden!" Henderson indulged in some more harmless oaths.

Just then Gillispie drew from under his coat a large and friendly looking apple-pie. "Yes," he said, with emphasis; "I've bin a-makin' garden fur Mis' Ford."

And so it came about that the three Johns knew her and served her, and that she never had a need that they were not ready to supply if they could. Not one of them would have thought of going to town without stopping to inquire what was needed at the village. As for Catherine Ford, she was fighting her way with native pluck and maternal unselfishness. If she had feared solitude, she did not suffer from it. The activity of her life stifled her fresh sorrow. She was pleasantly excited by the rumors that a railroad was soon to be built near the place, which would raise the value of the claim she was "holding down" many thousand dollars.

It is marvellous how sorrow shrinks when one is very healthy and very much occupied. Although poverty was her close companion, Catherine had no thought of it in this primitive manner of living. She had come out there, with the independence and determination of a Western woman, for the purpose of living at the least possible expense, and making the most she could while the baby was "getting out of her arms." That process has its pleasures, which every mother feels in spite of burdens, and the mind is happily dulled by nature's merciful provision. With a little child tugging at the breast, care and fret vanish, not because of the happiness so much as because of a certain mammal complacency, which is not at all intellectual, but serves its purpose better than the profoundest method of reasoning.

So, without any very unbearable misery at her recent widowhood, this healthy young woman worked in field and house, cared for her little ones, milked the two cows out in the corral, sewed, sang, rode, baked, and was happy for very wholesomeness. Sometimes she reproached herself that she was not more miserable, remembering that long grave back in the unkempt little prairie cemetery, and she sat down to coax her sorrow into proper prominence. But the baby cooing at her from its bunk, the low of the cattle from the corral begging her to relieve their heavy bags, the familiar call of one of her neighbors from without, even the burning sky of the summer dawns, broke the spell of this conjured sorrow, and in spite of herself she was again a very hearty and happy young woman. Besides, if one has a liking for comedy, it is impossible to be dull on a Nebraska prairie. The people are a merrier divertisement than the theatre with its hackneyed stories. Catherine Ford laughed a good deal, and she took the three Johns into her confidence, and they laughed with her. There was Minerva Fitch, who insisted on coming over to tell Catherine how to raise her children, and who was almost offended that the children wouldn't die of sunstroke when she predicted. And there was Bob Ackerman, who had inflammatory rheumatism and a Past, and who confided the latter to Mrs. Ford while she doctored the former with homœopathic medicines. And there were all the strange visionaries who came out prospecting, and quite naturally drifted to Mrs. Ford's cabin for a meal, and paid her in compliments of a peculiarly Western type. And there were the three Johns themselves. Catherine considered it no treason to laugh at them a little.

Yet at Waite she did not much laugh. There had come to be something pathetic in the constant service he rendered her. The beginning of his more particular devotion had begun in a peculiar way. Malaria was very bad in the country. It had carried off some of the most vigorous on the prairie, and twice that summer Catherine herself had laid out the cold forms of her neighbors on ironing-boards, and, with the assistance of Bill Deems of Missourah, had read the burial service over them. She had averted several other fatal runs of fever by the contents of her little medicine case. These remedies she dealt out with an intelligence that astonished her patients, until it was learned that she was studying medicine at the time that she met her late husband, and was persuaded to assume the responsibilities of matrimony instead of those of the medical profession.

One day in midsummer, when the sun was focussing itself on the raw pine boards of her shanty, and Catherine had the shades drawn for coolness and the water-pitcher swathed in wet rags, East Indian fashion, she heard the familiar halloo of Waite down the road. This greeting, which was usually sent to her from the point where the dipping road lifted itself into the first view of the house, did not contain its usual note of cheerfulness. Catherine, wiping her hands on her checked apron, ran out to wave a welcome, and Waite, his squat body looking more distorted than ever, his huge shoulders lurching as he walked, came fairly plunging down the hill.

"It's all up with Henderson!" he cried as Catherine approached. "He's got the malery, an' he says he's dyin'."

"That's no sign he's dying, because he says so," retorted Catherine.

"He wants to see yeh," panted Waite, mopping his big ugly head. "I think he's got somethin' particular to say."

"How long has he been down?"

"Three days; an' yeh wouldn't know 'im."

The children were playing on the floor at that side of the house where it was least hot. Catherine poured out three bowls of milk and cut some bread, meanwhile telling Kitty how to feed the baby.

"She's a sensible thing, is the little daughter," said Catherine, as she tied on her sunbonnet and packed a little basket with things from the cupboard. She kissed the babies tenderly, flung her hoe—her only weapon of defence—over her shoulder, and the two started off.

They did not speak, for their throats were soon too parched. The prairie was burned brown with the heat; the grasses curled as if they had been on a gridiron. A strong wind was blowing, but it brought no comfort, for it was heavy with a scorching heat. The skin smarted and blistered under it, and the eyes felt as if they were filled with sand. The sun seemed to swing but a little way above the earth, and though the sky was intensest blue, around about this burning ball there was a halo of copper, as if the very ether were being consumed in yellow fire.

Waite put some big burdock leaves on Catherine's head under her bonnet, and now and then he took a bottle of water from his pocket and made her swallow a mouthful. She staggered often as she walked, and the road was black before her. Still, it was not very long before the oddly shaped shack of the three Johns came in sight, and as he caught a glimpse of it, Waite quickened his footsteps.

"What if he should be gone?" he said, under his breath.

"Oh, come off!" said Catherine, angrily. "He's not gone. You make me tired!"

But she was trembling when she stopped just before the door to compose herself for a moment. Indeed, she trembled so very much that Waite put out his sprawling hand to steady her. She gently felt the pressure tightening, and Waite whispered in her ear:

"I guess I'd stand by him as well as anybody, excep' you, Mis' Ford. He's been my bes' friend. But I guess you like him better, eh?"

Catherine raised her finger. She could hear Henderson's voice within; it was pitiably querulous. He was half sitting up in his bunk, and Gillispie had just handed him a plate on which two cakes were swimming in black molasses and pork gravy. Henderson looked at it a moment; then over his face came a look of utter despair. He dropped his head in his arms and broke into uncontrolled crying.

"Oh, my God, Gillispie," he sobbed, "I shall die out here in this wretched hole! I want my mother. Great God, Gillispie, am I going to die without ever seeing my mother?"

Gillispie, maddened at this anguish, which he could in no way alleviate, sought comfort by first lighting his pipe and then taking his revolver out of his hip pocket and playing with it. Henderson continued to shake with sobs, and Catherine, who had never before in her life heard a man cry, leaned against the door for a moment to gather courage. Then she ran into the house quickly, laughing as she came. She took Henderson's arms away from his face and laid him back on the pillow, and she stooped over him and kissed his forehead in the most matter-of-fact way.

"That's what your mother would do if she were here," she cried, merrily. "Where's the water?"

She washed his face' and hands a long time till they were cool and his convulsive sobs had ceased. Then she took a slice of thin bread from her basket and a spoonful of amber jelly. She beat an egg into some milk and dropped a little liquor within it, and served them together on the first clean napkin that had been in the cabin of the three Johns since it was built.

At this the great fool on the bed cried again, only quietly, tears of weak happiness running from his feverish eyes. And Catherine straightened the disorderly cabin. She came every day for two weeks, and by that time Henderson, very uncertain as to the strength of his legs, but once more accoutred in his native pluck, sat up in a chair, for which she had made clean soft cushions, writing a letter to his mother. The floor was scrubbed; the cabin had taken to itself cupboards made of packing-boxes; it had clothes-presses and shelves; curtains at the windows; boxes for all sorts of necessaries, from flour to tobacco; and a cook-book on the wall, with an inscription within which was more appropriate than respectful.

The day that she announced that she would have no further call to come back, Waite, who was looking after the house while Gillispie was afield, made a little speech.

"After this here," he said, "we four stands er falls together. Now look here, there's lots of things can happen to a person on this cussed praira, and no one be none th' wiser. So see here, Mis' Ford, every night one of us is a-goin' to th' roof of this shack. From there we can see your place. If anything is th' matter—it don't signify how little er how big—you hang a lantern on th' stick that I'll put alongside th' house to-morrow. Yeh can h'ist th' light up with a string, and every mornin' before we go out we'll look too, and a white rag 'll bring us quick as we can git there. We don't say nothin' about what we owe yeh, fur that ain't our way, but we sticks to each other from this on."

Catherine's eyes were moist. She looked at Henderson. His face had no expression in it at all. He did not even say good-by to her, and she turned, with the tears suddenly dried under her lids, and walked down the road in the twilight.

Weeks went by, and though Gillispie and Waite were often at Catherine's, Henderson never came. Gillispie gave it out as his opinion that Henderson was an ungrateful puppy, but Waite said nothing. This strange man, who seemed like a mere untoward accident of nature, had changed during the summer. His big ill-shaped body had grown more gaunt; his deep-set gray eyes had sunk deeper; the gentleness which had distinguished him even on the wild ranges of Montana became more marked. Late in August he volunteered to take on himself the entire charge of the night watch.

"It's nicer to be out at night," he said to Catherine. "Then you don't keep looking off at things; you can look inside;" and he struck his breast with his splay hand.

Cattle are timorous under the stars. The vastness of the plains, the sweep of the wind under the unbroken arch, frighten them; they are made for the close comforts of the barnyard; and the apprehension is contagious, as every ranchman knows. Waite realized the need of becoming good friends with his animals. Night after night, riding up and down in the twilight of the stars, or dozing, rolled in his blanket, in the shelter of a knoll, he would hear a low roar; it was the cry of the alarmist. Then from every direction the cattle would rise with trembling awkwardness on their knees, and answer, giving out sullen bellowings. Some of them would begin to move from place to place, spreading the baseless alarm, and then came the time for action, else over the plain in mere fruitless frenzy would go the whole frantic band, lashed to madness by their own fears, trampling each other, heedless of any obstacle, in pitiable, deadly rout. Waite knew the premonitory signs well, and at the first warning bellow he was on his feet, alert and determined, his energy nerved for a struggle in which he always conquered.

Waite had a secret which he told to none, knowing, in his unanalytical fashion, that it would not be believed in. But soon as ever the dark heads of the cattle began to lift themselves, he sent a resonant voice out into the stillness. The songs he sang were hymns, and he made them into a sort of imperative lullaby. Waite let his lungs and soul fill with the breath of the night; he gave himself up to the exaltation of mastering those trembling brutes. Mounting, melodious, with even and powerful swing he let his full notes fall on the air in the confidence of power, and one by one the reassured cattle would lie down again, lowing in soft contentment, and so fall asleep with noses stretched out in mute attention, till their presence could hardly be guessed except for the sweet aroma of their cuds.

One night in the early dusk he saw Catherine Ford hastening across the prairie with Bill Deems. He sent a halloo out to them, which they both answered as they ran on. Waite knew on what errand of mercy Catherine was bent, and he thought of the children over at the cabin alone. The cattle were quiet, the night beautiful, and he concluded that it was safe enough, since he was on his pony, to ride down there about midnight and see that the little ones were safe.

The dark sky, pricked with points of intensest light, hung over him so beneficently that in his heart there leaped a joy which even his ever present sorrow could not disturb. This sorrow Waite openly admitted not only to himself, but to others. He had said to Catherine: "You see, I'll always hev to love yeh. An' yeh'll not git cross with me; I'm not goin' to be in th' way." And Catherine had told him, with tears in her eyes, that his love could never be but a comfort to any woman. And these words, which the poor fellow had in no sense mistaken, comforted him always, became part of his joy as he rode there, under those piercing stars, to look after her little ones. He found them sleeping in their bunks, the baby tight in Kitty's arms, the little boy above them in the upper bunk, with his hand in the long hair of his brown spaniel. Waite softly kissed each of them, so Kitty, who was half waking, told her mother afterwards, and then, bethinking him that Catherine might not be able to return in time for their breakfast, found the milk and bread, and set it for them on the table. Catherine had been writing, and her unfinished letter lay open beside the ink. He took up the pen and wrote,

"The childdren was all asleep at twelv.
"J. W."

He had not more than got on his pony again before he heard an ominous sound that made his heart leap. It was a frantic dull pounding of hoofs. He knew in a second what it meant. There was a stampede among the cattle. If the animals had all been his, he would not have lost his sense of judgment. But the realization that he had voluntarily undertaken the care of them, and that the larger part of them belonged to his friends, put him in a passion of apprehension that, as a ranchman, was almost inexplicable. He did the very thing of all others that no cattle-man in his right senses would think of doing. Gillispie and Henderson, talking it over afterward, were never able to understand it. It is possible — just barely possible—that Waite, still drunk on his solitary dreams, knew what he was doing, and chose to bring his little chapter to an end while the lines were pleasant. At any rate, he rode straight forward, shouting and waving his arms in an insane endeavor to head off that frantic mob. The noise woke the children, and they peered from the window as the pawing and bellowing herd plunged by, trampling the young steers under their feet.

In the early morning Catherine Ford, spent both in mind and body, came walking slowly home. In her heart was a prayer of thanksgiving. Mary Deems lay sleeping back in her comfortless shack, with her little son by her side.

"The wonder of God is in it," said Catherine to herself as she walked home. "All the ministers of all the world could not have preached me such a sermon as I've had tonight."

So dim had been the light and so perturbed her mind that she had not noticed how torn and trampled was the road. But suddenly a bulk in her pathway startled her. It was the dead and mangled body of a steer. She stooped over it to read the brand on its flank. "It's one of the three Johns'," she cried out, looking anxiously about her. "How could that have happened?"

The direction which the cattle had taken was toward her house, and she hastened homeward. And not a quarter of a mile from her door she found the body of Waite beside that of his pony, crushed out of its familiar form into something unspeakably shapeless. In her excitement she half dragged, half carried that mutilated body home, and then ran up her signal of alarm on the stick that Waite himself had erected for her convenience. She thought it would be a long time before any one reached her, but she had hardly had time to bathe the disfigured face and straighten the disfigured body before Henderson was pounding at her door. Outside stood his pony panting from its terrific exertions. Henderson had not seen her before for six weeks. Now he stared at her with frightened eyes.

"What is it? What is it?" he cried. "What has happened to you, my—my love?"

At least afterward, thinking it over as she worked by day or tossed in her narrow bunk at night, it seemed to Catherine that those were the words he spoke. Yet she could never feel sure; nothing in his manner after that justified the impassioned anxiety of his manner in those first few uncertain moments; for a second later he saw the body of his friend and learned the little that Catherine knew. They buried him the next day in a little hollow where there was a spring and some wild aspens.

"He never liked the prairie," Catherine said, when she selected the spot. "And I want him to lie as sheltered as possible."

After he had been laid at rest, and she was back, busy with tidying her neglected shack, she fell to crying so that the children were scared.

"There's no one left to care what becomes of us," she told them, bitterly. "We might starve out here for all that any one cares."

And all through the night her tears fell, and she told herself that they were all for the man whose last thought was for her and her babies; she told herself over and over again that her tears were all for him. After this the autumn began to hurry on, and the snow fell capriciously, days of biting cold giving place to retrospective glances at summer. The last of the vegetables were taken out of the garden and buried in the cellar, and a few tons of coal—dear almost as diamonds—were brought out to provide against the severest weather. Ordinarily buffalo chips were the fuel. Catherine was alarmed at the way her wretched little store of money began to vanish. The baby was fretful with its teething, and was really more care than when she nursed it. The days shortened, and it seemed to her that she was forever working by lamp-light. The prairies were brown and forbidding, the sky often a mere gray pall. The monotony of the life began to seem terrible. Sometimes her ears ached for a sound. For a time in the summer so many had seemed to need her that she had been happy in spite of her poverty and her loneliness. Now, suddenly, no one wanted her. She could find no source of inspiration. She wondered how she was going to live through the winter, and keep her patience and her good-nature.

"You'll love me," she said, almost fiercely, one night to the children—"you'll love mamma, no matter how cross and homely she gets, won't you?"

The cold grew day by day. A strong winter was setting in. Catherine took up her study of medicine again, and sat over her books till midnight. It occurred to her that she might fit herself for nursing by spring, and that the children could be put with some one—she did not dare to think with whom. But this was the only solution she could find to her problem of existence.

November settled down drearily. Few passed the shack. Catherine, who had no one to speak with excepting the children, continually devised amusements for them. They got to living in a world of fantasy, and were never themselves, but always wild Indians, or arctic explorers, or Robinson Crusoes. Kitty and Roderick, young as they were, found a never-ending source of amusement in these little grotesque dreams and dramas. The fund of money was getting so low that Catherine was obliged to economize even in the necessities. If it had not been for her two cows, she would hardly have known how to find food for her little ones. But she had a wonderful way of making things with eggs and milk, and she kept her little table always inviting. The day before Thanksgiving she determined that they should all have a frolic.

"By Christmas," she said to Kitty, "the snow may be so bad that I cannot get to town. We'll have our high old time now."

There is no denying that Catherine used slang even in talking to the children. The little pony had been sold long ago, and going to town meant a walk of twelve miles. But Catherine started out early in the morning, and was back by nightfall, not so very much the worse, and carrying in her arms bundles which might have fatigued a bronco.

The next morning she was up early, and was as happy and ridiculously excited over the prospect of the day's merrymaking as if she had been Kitty. Busy as she was, she noticed a peculiar oppression in the air, which intensified as the day went on. The sky seemed to hang but a little way above the rolling stretch of frost-bitten grass. But Kitty laughing over her new doll, Roderick startling the sullen silence with his drum, the smell of the chicken, slaughtered to make a prairie holiday, browning in the oven, drove all apprehensions from Catherine's mind. She was a common creature. Such very little things could make her happy. She sang as she worked, and what with the drumming of her boy and the little exulting shrieks of her baby, the shack was filled with a deafening and exhilarating din.

It was a little past noon, when she became conscious that there was sweeping down on her a gray sheet of snow and ice, and not till then did she realize what those lowering clouds had signified. For one moment she stood half paralyzed. She thought of everything—of the cattle, of the chance for being buried in this drift, of the stock of provisions, of the power of endurance of the children. While she was still thinking, the first ice needles of the blizzard came peppering the windows. The cattle ran bellowing to the lee side of the house and crouched there, and the chickens scurried for the coop. Catherine seized such blankets and bits of carpet as she could find, and crammed them at windows and doors. Then she piled coal on the fire, and clothed the children in all they had that was warmest, their out-door garments included, and with them close about her, she sat and waited. The wind seemed to push steadily at the walls of the house. The howling became horrible. She could see that the children were crying with fright, but she could not hear them. The air was dusky; the cold, in spite of the fire, intolerable. In every crevice of the wretched structure the ice and snow made their way. It came through the roof, and began piling up in little pointed strips under the crevices. Catherine put the children all together in one bunk, covered them with all the bedclothes she had, and then stood before them defiantly facing the west, from whence the wind was driving. Not suddenly, but by mere resistance, at length the window-sash yielded, and the next moment that whirlwind was in the house—a maddening tumult of ice and wind, leaving no room for resistance; a killing cold, against which it was futile to fight. Catherine flung the bedclothes over the heads of the children, and then flung herself across the bunk, gasping and choking for breath. Her body would not have yielded to the suffering yet, so strongly made and sustained was it. But her dismay stifled her. She saw in one horrified moment the frozen forms of her babies, now so pink and pleasant to the sense, and oblivion came to save her from further misery.

She was alive — just barely alive — when Gillispie and Henderson got there, three hours later, the very balls of their eyes almost frozen into blindness. But for an instinct stronger than reason they would never have been able to have found their way across that trackless stretch. The children lying unconscious under their coverings were neither dead nor actually frozen, although the men putting their hands on their little hearts could not at first discover the beating. Stiff and suffering as these young fellows were, it was no easy matter to get the window back into place and relight the fire. They had tied flasks of liquor about their waists, and this beneficent fluid they used with that sense of appreciation which only a pioneer can feel toward whiskey. It was hours before Catherine rewarded them with a gleam of consciousness. Her body had been frozen in many places. Her arms, outstretched over her children and holding the clothes down about them, were rigid. But consciousness came at length dimly struggling up through her brain, and over her she saw her friends rubbing and rubbing those strong firm arms of her with snow.

She half raised her head, with a horror of comprehension in her eyes, and listened. A cry answered her—a cry of dull pain from the baby. Henderson dropped on his knees beside her.

"They are all safe," he said. "And we will never leave you again. I have been afraid to tell you how I love you. I thought I might offend you. I thought I ought to wait—you know why. But I will never let you run the risks of this awful life alone again. You must rename the baby. From this day his name is John. And we will have the three Johns again back at the old ranch. It doesn't matter whether you love me or not, Catherine, I am going to take care of you just the same. Gillispie agrees with me."

"Damme, yes," muttered Gillispie, feeling of his hip pocket for consolation in his old manner.

Catherine struggled to find her voice, but it would not come.

"Do not speak," whispered John. "Tell me with your eyes whether you will come as my wife or only as our sister."

Catherine told him.

"This is Thanksgiving day," said he. "And we don't know much about praying, but I guess we all have something in our hearts that does just as well."

"Damme, yes," said Gillispie again, who was lifting from the stove a boiler of warm water in which to put the baby.

THE HON. STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

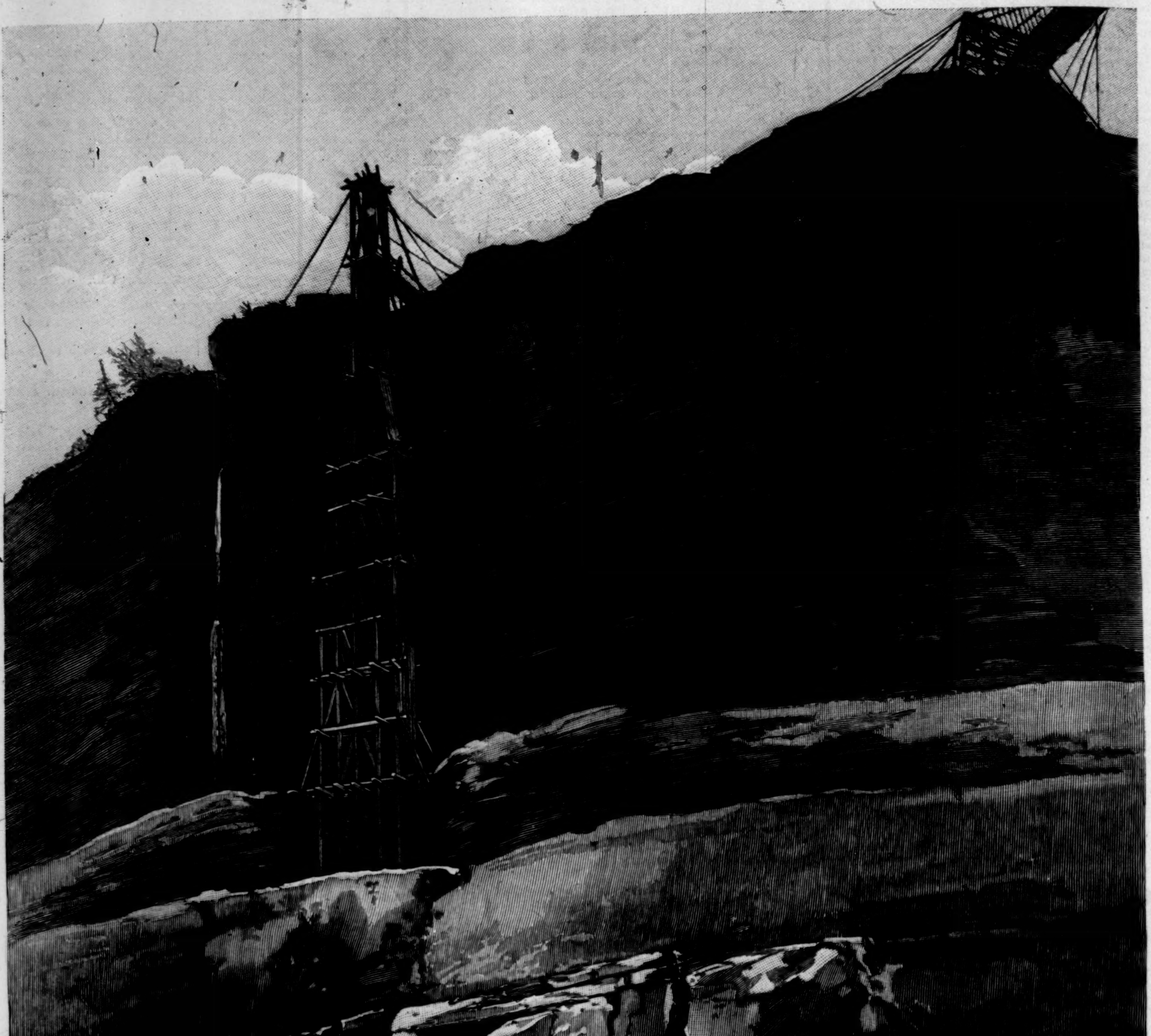
STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS.

On Thursday, December 17th, President Harrison sent to the Senate the nomination of Stephen B. Elkins as Secretary of War, in the place of the Hon. Redfield Proctor, whose resignation as Secretary and election as Senator from Vermont were lately chronicled in the **Weekly**. Mr. Elkins is credited to West Virginia, but he was born in Perry County, Ohio, on the 26th of September, fifty years ago. From thence he went to Missouri at an early age, and made it his home for several years, graduating from the Missouri University in 1860. He then took up the study of law, but the late war broke out about that time and fired the spirit of the young man, who took to soldiering. During 1862, and a part of the following year, he served as Captain in the Seventy-seventh Missouri regiment, but in the latter portion of 1863 he went to New Mexico as a cattle driver at fifteen dollars a month. He became very popular with the ranchmen, and was rated by them as the smartest "tender-foot" who had ever been in that section. He had learned Spanish before going to the Southwest, and this enabled him to know the Mexicans who lived in New Mexico and Arizona. Mr. Elkins studied law with Asher & Cleaver, of Arizona, and soon after his admission to the bar was made a member of the firm, Mr. Cleaver having been sent to Congress as a Delegate. At that time pretty nearly every Mexican in these Territories held a peon—an Indian, half-breed, or Mexican—in bondage or virtual slavery. This was against the United States law, which provided that twenty-five dollars be given to any one who should secure the indictment of any such slave-holder. Mr. Elkins, it is said, secured the indictment of quite 10,000 Mexicans, and in this way became a capitalist. His action, at any rate, broke up slavery in Arizona and New Mexico. With this capital, he turned his attention to mining and stock-raising with great success, and for many years he has been considered one of the richest men in the United States. In 1865–6 Mr. Elkins was a member of the Legislature, and in 1868–9 Attorney-General for the Territory of New Mexico. For three years following he was United States District Attorney, after which he was elected as a Republican Delegate to Congress, and served two terms, finishing in 1877.

During his term in Congress he married the daughter of Senator Davis, of West Virginia, and in partnership with his father-in-law became deeply interested in the development of property in that State and in the West Virginia system of railroads. When Mr. Elkins's term in Congress had expired he made his home in West Virginia, though he also had a house in New York, where he has lived in the winter, and where, also, he has had his business office. Indeed, he has been so much in New York that he has become to be one of the best-known men on the streets of this city.

Mr. Elkins has long been identified as an active politician. From 1872 until 1884 he was a member of the National Republican Committee, and was a prominent figure in the Chicago Convention of 1884, which nominated James G. Blaine for the Presidency. During the canvass Mr. Elkins was most active, giving an earnest support to Mr. Blaine, and working in his interests. Since that time, however, though he has not taken such an active part in politics, he has always been considered a most powerful member of the Republican party, and soon after Mr. Proctor had been named to succeed Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Elkins's name was suggested as the probable nominee for the War Secretaryship.

Mr. Elkins has never let his politics interfere with his business, but, on the other hand, has often been charged with using his politics to help his business. "Steve" Dorsey used to say that no one knew as much about the Star Route postal contracts as "Steve" Elkins. In other matters, too, in which the government was interested he has had business connection. This is notably so with the North American Commercial Company, which secured the right to kill seals in the Bering Sea.


F. W. Jopling '91

HARNESSING NIAGARA—WORKING OF TUNNEL.—Drawn by F. W. Jopling.—[See Page 1042.]

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD, D.D.

NONE do so little for the very poor of New York as its very rich. Splendid exceptions to this rule, of course, we find, and here, in Mr. Smedley's picture, evidently is one of these few attempting to make up the arrears due to her less-fortunate fellows from her order. And to be frank with her—for her earnestness deserves to be met with earnest frankness—since she desires to do effectual work, it will be better for her to leave her brougham behind her when she visits the "slums." Efficient workers among the poor are at present generally drawn from the poor themselves, or from the middle and professional class. No one need wonder at this. Effectual charity work and the requirements of modern society do not easily consort. A very small proportion of those who possess enormous wealth in the city subscribe liberally to its various charities; comparatively few can be counted on for a ready support in any properly conducted and hopeful philanthropic movement; and fewer still are found willing to fulfil the more difficult, the more necessary duty of gaining personal knowledge of the needs and wrongs of the poor through personal study of their situation, and friendly intercourse with themselves.

I say, such attention, such knowledge, are not likely to be given by the very rich. To win fortune to-day implies a singleness of purpose, a concentration of all the faculties of the man to the doing of one thing. The very rich man must be a very busy man if he would make large sums or keep large sums of money. The difficulties presenting themselves to his ambition are like tough wood, that nothing but the keen edge of an axe can deal with, and to be sharp means almost of necessity to be narrow. Great riches are apt, as One we reverence taught long ago, to ossify the soul, and make the attainment and development of an ideal or truly sympathetic life always difficult, sometimes wellnigh impossible. I say, therefore, we expect too much from our very rich men and women when we call upon them to lead the crusade against poverty and vice. Certainly if we have expectation of their doing so, we in New York have been disappointed.

I believe the time may not be far distant when the immense sums of money that are absolutely necessary to deal radically and successfully with the peculiarly intrenched evils that abound on Manhattan Island will be willingly and gladly forth-coming. But it seems to me that at present what we specially need is a time of education, an intermingling of class with class, an understanding of difficulties and causes of difficulties, a deeper and truer view of the situation, which will enable all who minister to their fellow-men to deal not so much with the effects of evil and misery as with their *causes*.

It seems an ungracious and unkindly task to criticise or belittle any work that has for its object the cheering and bettering of our kind. But surely in matters so important and difficult as the ministration of life to life by man sentiment must be laid aside. And it is worse than folly, in the nineteenth century, to reproduce the mistake of a darker time, and to seek "to heal lightly the hurt of our people." In a few days very striking illustrations of the emotional and mistaken efforts at kindness which I refer to will be seen on all hands. Poor children will be at a premium, and with many good things and more bad things, they will be stuffed and crammed. A veritable Christmas orgy will be upon us, in which a premium is really paid to childish gluttony and untruth. Three, four, nay six Christmas treats squeezed into one week can do children no good; and usually those who are least worthy manage to get together the largest pile of spoil. All sorts of mushroom charities will be bidding for them—daily papers must be duly advertised thereby, social magnates must be given an opportunity of bestowing on poverty (poverty, remember, that pretends to be becomingly grateful, not that real undeserved poverty with too much self-respect to display its need) that which costs them nothing. In short, a certain story we used to read is being retold in actual life—the rich man commands that the crumbs of his table be duly given to his fellow-citizen Lazarus.

But worse than this. The effect on those that give is no less unfortunate than on those that receive. People think that if they subscribe liberally to Christmas festivals they have at least in part discharged the duty that they owe to all that are poor and oppressed. And thus it comes that a dole thoughtlessly given is made to do duty for the study of a great problem and the solemn responsibility to alleviate a great need as well as to right a great wrong.

This brings me to the point I am first anxious to dwell upon—the absolute necessity of the employment of an intelligent knowledge by those who would do any effectual work in the great crusade. Emotion may move kind hearts to spurts of energy, but men and women equipped with emotion alone and good intention are no more fitted to contend with the evils with which we must battle than a brave mob are fitted to hold the field against a trained soldiery. Only a knowledge of the real state of things, of the awful yet removable evils under which tens of thousands live and die, can in time kindle and develop the enthusiasm that when linked to knowledge makes success certain.

So much for the first requisite to future success. Is there any prospect of our gaining it? I answer, every prospect. I have lived in New York only ten years, but the change in that time is nothing less than extraordinary. On all hands have sprung up groups of educated men and women who reckon it part of the business of life to know how their neighbors live and die, who accept it as axiomatic that what others are called upon to bear it is at least their duty to know. The knowledge they have gained and are gaining is invaluable, and has already begun to take shape in organized effort successful beyond all precedent.

Who can overestimate, for instance, the good accomplished by that one man, brave as he was wise and tender as he was strong, Charles Loring Brace? The societies that he formed and for many years controlled were and are chiefly responsible for the enormous decrease of juvenile crime in the city—a decrease apparent to any one who knows anything of poorer New York. Who can overestimate the value to our society at large of such settlements as the little one on Rivington Street, where intelligent and refined women come into direct touch with life under as poor and depressing conditions as our city knows? Who, again, I say, can overestimate the advantages to the thousands of poor sick, who for weeks and sometimes for months at a time are seeking health in our hospitals, from the ministrations of those intelligent and generally refined women who, as trained nurses, are giving their lives to the alleviation of pain?

I know many will reply, this is a slow and roundabout way to reach the difficulty. They cry out for vast organizations and large professions of immediate return. Let it be clearly understood by all who wish to render real aid to the poor that no work that is effectual can be quick work. If good is to come, it will come slowly. If intelligence and education are to do their work, it will be a slow work. For the problem of man's relationship to man is of all problems most difficult.

Let me once again say, would you be a helper? Then you must know. You should know. You must seek to overcome in yourself, in your friends, and in those whom you would influence to aid you, prejudice. You must go among the poor, and not go as Lady Bountifuls. You must go remembering that you will learn things you never dreamed of, that the interests of your life will enlarge, the experiences of your life deepen, and so you will at least receive more than you give. You may go cheerfully, for any one who knows anything of the poor will assure you that among them you will be met by a courtesy at least as real as any you will receive from people in your own class. Surely, best worth having of all life's gifts are the gifts of a friend, and you will make friends you never dreamed of—truer and more loyal, more considerate, and more patient among the poor often than you will among the rich. Unselfishness is the coin of friendship, and it is only to the amateur Lady Bountiful that the poor appear as grasping or selfish. The men and women in so-called society are far more selfish in their intercourse with each other than are the poor.

Go resolutely; give up a certain time—so many hours in one day in the week, if you cannot do more. Seek out among your acquaintances some one who has done more than play with the fringes of this great question, who has experience as well as zeal. Go first, I advise you, to the great series of institutions on the islands. Begin at the first of them, and go to the last, and see what the waste and cast-off scum of humanity, the froth tossed aside from the great city life, really is. Go to the free wards in the hospitals. Go to the few kindergartens we have, or to the boys' clubs that are beginning to spring up. In your own church you are almost certain to find at least a few who are doing thorough work. Go to these, and ask them to put you in touch with some society that does thorough work. (Let me say, in passing, that those who decry modern church-work as lacking in thoroughness and being merely charitable, in the narrow sense of the term, show by such accusations that they do not know it.)

Let me now try and indicate a few chief points of attack, a few strongholds of evil that must be carried before we can see the unclouded sun and feel the warmth of a better day. There is one word that explains the first of these. To-day you hear it in everybody's mouth. It is the word *environment*. Long ago men may have suspected that environment had much to do with growth of character, with development for good or evil. Now we *know* it. You might as well expect to destroy a field of thistles, the evil seed of which was carried by every passing wind over the neighboring country, by cutting off a few thistle heads as to overcome the manifold evils that spring from a childhood spent in the worst of our modern tenement-houses by leaving these sources of evil unchanged.

Almost all New York tenement-house surroundings provoke to drunkenness. They combine and embody all the evils of crowding—heat, stench, and utter ugliness. In them privacy, decency, purity, have a hard struggle for their very existence. But, of course, all tenement-houses are not alike. Roughly speaking, there are about ten thousand in New York, and of these about five hundred are very bad, and should be and must be pulled down. One of the troubles with tenement-house property is, it is good property for the landlord. It yields immense returns; and the landlord who is content to take four per cent. for his money instead of twelve, and by so doing give a chance to his poorer brother to live as well as exist, while he *is present* with us, thank God! is still rare. Some readers of HARPER'S may be startled to know that even in poor streets east of the Bowery floor space is worth double what it is in such apartments as the Dalhousie overlooking the Park; and if, instead of measuring the floors, you took the cubic contents of the rooms in these quarters, and in such splendid flats as this to which I have referred, a cubic foot of space is worth in these hovels nearly three times what it is in those overlooking the Park. How can the poor head of a family, an unskilled laborer, or, for that matter, even the poorly paid skilled laborer, whose wages do not average the year round more than from eight to twelve dollars a week, how can he afford to pay for space enough in which to bring up his children in necessary decency? Do you want to illustrate to yourself the importance of environment? Come with me to one of the hospitals, and let us interview the nurses there, and ask them in what state the children are when they come to the free wards, and they will tell you that from baby lips flow ribald blasphemy and obscene words of which it is impossible for them—the children—to have the faintest understanding. They will also tell you that after two or three months in the bright ward, ministered to by kindness, there seems to fall from these childish natures, all too soon marked by filth and sin, the false shell of themselves, as it were, which was born of the inhuman home in which they were cradled, and in mind as well as body they go forth pure and whole. But, oh! to think of sending them back to breathe that fetid atmosphere again! One thing seems certain: if the children of the city are to be saved from vice, their environment must be improved.

Rapid transit may help us in the future. A noble-hearted philanthropy we may surely look for in the future. Surely, soon men will be found willing to spend at least part of the vast fortunes that New York's thriving millions have helped them to make, in making life tolerable to the children of the less-fortunate brethren, whose toil has gone to aid in erecting their great pile. Surely, soon it will be regarded as an illegitimate and disgraceful act—an act that no worthy citizen, to say nothing of a professor of religion, would be guilty of—to make a vast fortune in New York, and not remember the cruel needs of the most crowded city in the world when that fortune is to be disposed of. Play-grounds will cost money, but play-grounds the children must have, and near their homes, too. Public baths will cost money, but they want pure water as they need pure air. Kindergartens will cost money, but kindergartens that are available for the thousands of children who cannot possibly be properly occupied in the two or three rooms of the lodging must quickly be provided, and kindergartens, too, that are not placed under any arbitrary political control. Philanthropy must lead the way, but the state must do the work.

So far, I speak of the children alone. I put them first, because if we cannot put the salt of better things into these fresh springs of life, we will leave our children to face a condition of things wellnigh intolerable.

If there were no other difficulties in front of us than those I have suggested, our task would not be an easy one. But all know that I have only touched on a few of our many municipal problems. Crowding into our city from almost all lands there come long trains of men and women to seek means of living that have been denied them in their distant homes. To suppose that they are the least intelligent and least ambitious from among their own kith and kin is to make a great mistake. It requires no small amount of energy to bid good-by to the fatherland, whether it be German, Irish, or Italian. But their coming complicates the problem of our city's life. Whether we welcome or do not welcome them, it seems at least unlikely that we can keep them out. America cannot be the only land that closes her doors against the poor. The republic of the United States cannot be the only form of government under which the cabin passenger is welcomed, while the steerage passenger must have consulate certificate. It is easy to talk about limiting immigration, but very hard to cast such limitation into forms of legislation. At least this seems to be the opinion of some of the wisest among us.

Moreover, the coming of these peoples has in the past largely helped to make us what we are, and must in the future develop our enormous resources. The ordinary American citizen may not take kindly to begging, but he is certainly almost as unwilling to dig (unless it be for gold). He must have some one to dig for him, and so he first imported the Irishman. And *he* now, expressing strong disinclination to digging, has taken to politics, and lets the Italian do the tasks he used to perform. Therefore, I say, we cannot readily check, whether we like it or do not like it, the flow of immigration that is setting to our shores, and which affects our city more than any other city in the United States.

Come, then, I say, since these things are so, to any whose eyes may read these words, and determine to play your part and take your share in the most interesting work that God ever gave to an intelligent and richly endowed people—come and note how the world in which you do not live, lives. But do not come to give it your dole. Do not think that your service to it may be to you simply an added luxury, one more new emotion, new sensation, new experience. But go forth in the noble purpose in which went forth the men who, ages ago, uprooted the ills of an evil time. Go forth strong in the purpose to give what you have got to give, and at least to know—and, where you can, to help—what others are called to suffer and endure. If you work thus, you will deepen and enlarge your own life, while you do not demoralize or pauperize the life of your brother. Give something of your own to this happiest, sweetest, holiest work—the service of the ignorant, lonely, sickened, sad, and sinful parts of humanity.

Here in your own city, at your very door, is a field of entrancing interest. Here life's great stream flows by, sometimes with sparkle and bright foaming flow, every turn and eddy of which you perhaps know well, and sometimes with tide as Kingsley wrote of it, "dank and foul" enough. Yet, even at its dankest and foulest, the cleansing sand and a plunge in the wide kindly sea are not impossible to it, for the divine element is in us all. It may be soiled; it is not changed. Here the mystery of our human life is that to restore it to its lost clarity, man is dependent on his brother man; dependent not on his dole, but on his service; that he can be fed and succored not by his gifts alone, but by the sharing of his life.

Let us recall at this Christmas season the immortal story that our prophet-poet Lowell so beautifully wrote, full of strength and youth and kindliness too. Clothed right royally for the struggle, Sir Launfal leaves his home, never doubting but that he at last would win the Holy Grail. He mounts his horse, he quits his castle, and thinks he has done his duty in throwing a coin to the beggar from whose sorrowful plight he turns away with a shiver of disgust as much as of pity. But years pass, and in the large school of life he learns the lesson that we believe all must learn, and, unsuccessful and broken, he at last turns homeward, to find himself forgotten and thrust forth from his own. The beggar that years ago he threw the coin to still sits in the snow by his door. He draws forth his last crust, he breaks the ice in the stream hard by, and side by side they share the scanty fare. When, lo! 'tis no longer a leprous beggar, but the living Christ that stands beside him, and he hears Him say,

> "In many climes, without avail,
> Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
> Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
> Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
> This crust is My body broken for thee;
> This water His blood that died on the tree;
> The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
> In whatso we share with another's need;
> Not what we give, but what we share,
> For the gift without the giver is bare;
> Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

All who have education ought to give part of their life and time up to this work. Those who are supposed to be busiest always do most. But remember you can accomplish but little worth doing if you do not give yourself. Let this giving of self be your purpose, seriously arrived at, bravely, persistently pushed through, and it will be most true that many a darkened day will grow bright at your coming, and many an arid wilderness grow greener where you tread.

NOT ALL ARE GLAD.

Not every carol sounds a note of joy;
Some homes there are where every Christmas chime
Brings back an echo of sweet laughter stilled—
Not every heart is glad at Christmas-time.

When the gay jingle of the festive bells
Fills the chill air with music and with rhyme,
Some look and long with hollow, hungry eyes,
For suffering poor there are at Christmas-time.

Bright are the thoughts that hope and having bring,
Merry the laughter of lips in their prime;
But some have lost, and more may never have,
And many are alone and old at Christmas-time.

Ada Nichols Man.

THE MINSTREL'S LOT.

My lady, when thy cavaliers
About thy footstool bend,
And wait thy words with eager ears,
Thou dost not condescend
To look on me. My faithful lute,
That soothed thee with its song,
Hath lost its charm; the strings are mute
Amid the knightly throng.

Thou givest one thy sleeve to wear,
And one thy hand to press.
Thou dost believe them when they swear
Eternal faithfulness.
Their vows thou dost not seek to prove,
Thou art content the while;
And yet to me, whose life is love,
Thou grantest not one smile.

Yet when, perchance, some feat of arms
Doth call thy knights away,
And they, forgetful of thy charms,
Ride forth to join the fray,
Ere the last pennoned lance is hid
By hills that lie beyond,
To soothe thy sorrow I am bid,
And gladly I respond.

Thy thought is with the cavaliers
Who laughing rode away;
And to dispel thy lonely tears
I tune my loving lay.
I am forgot in love's sweet song,
All happiness is thine;
But love is true, my love is strong,
Thy griefs are doubly mine.

Thou knowest not this love I hold.
Thou dost not understand
The love that in my songs is told—
Love beautiful and grand.
Songs serve to hasten lagging time,
Thy dreams are dreams of pride;
The lover pictured in my rhyme
Unknown waits at thy side.

Flavel Scott Mines.

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

Ever since engineers began to comprehend to what an extent power could be transmitted by electricity or other agents, the opinion has been expressed that in a little while the vast volumes of water which go to waste over the falls of the Niagara River would be utilized not only to do a great amount of work in the immediate neighborhood, but would be carried long distances, and be utilized in all the great cities within four or five hundred miles of the immense cataract. Indeed, it was not many years ago that Sir William Thomson, the great English scientist and engineer, ventured to express the opinion that the time was not far distant when the city of New York and other distant cities would be lighted from the falls of Niagara. This prophecy has not been fulfilled as yet, and it would be difficult to determine how much nearer we are to the time when it will be so than we were when Sir William spoke with such hopeful confidence. But the scientists are learning something every day as to the transmission of power by electricity, and if this progress be kept up, the power of the great falls may soon be harnessed for the benefit of those who will use the power hundreds of miles away. It is difficult, probably impossible, to say what is the amount of the power at Niagara Falls. Some engineers have made estimates which they believed to be at least an approximation, while others have said that it was impossible to do more than guess at the amount. These guesses and estimates vary very greatly, but all of them agree that the amount can only be reckoned by the million horse-power. Of course not all of this could be utilized, for to do this the whole volume of water would have to be diverted from its natural channels, but a large percentage of it could be used. Suppose some day 6,000,000 horse-power should come to be used for utilitarian purposes. Dr. Coleman Sellers, of Philadelphia, estimates that each horse-power used in the running of machinery to be operated by men gives employment to two men. Therefore this much of the power of Niagara Falls would run mills and factories and shops which would have the capacity to employ 12,000,000 men. But we need not discuss such a possibility of development as this. That which will soon be done at Niagara is large enough for the present, though in comparison with what might be it seems insignificant indeed.

THE FIRST EFFORTS TO USE THE POWER.

The first account of any interest written of the falls was that of Father Hennepin, who visited them in 1682. He probably exaggerated what he saw and tried to describe. But his observations, together with what has since been learned, have enabled us to discover that the falls are wearing back. Careful surveys have now been made, and by the monuments erected it can be accurately measured from time to time how much wear is taking place upon the breast of the dam that forms this wonderful fall. Up to 1725, when the first rude saw-mill was erected at the falls, nothing was done to utilize this great natural power. And even after this first pioneer effort it was more than a hundred years before any considerable effort was made to reduce this mighty force to obedient and useful service. The locality was far in the backwoods, and although the pioneers thereabouts contemplated the probability of doing great things with the waters, they were unable to demonstrate its practicability. From 1846 to 1856 the question of doing something on an extensive scale at Niagara was continuously agitated, and at length, in the latter year, John Miller acquired from the heirs of Augustus Porter, who in 1804 had taken up the land adjacent to Niagara Falls, and the falls, too, so far as his government could let him, "a right for canaling for hydraulic purposes." But nothing was actually done until the late Horace H. Day acquired the rights of John Miller, and constructed the present Hydraulic Canal in 1873. This canal has a capacity sufficiently large to furnish 6000 horse-power, and since it was first opened it has leased power to several large mills, which have been uniformly prosperous. The prosperity of this enterprise demonstrated that a very much larger undertaking could be made to pay, and works are now in process of completion which will have a capacity of 120,000 horse-power, and the pictures published in this number of the Weekly illustrate to a certain extent the work now under way.

BEGINNING OF PRESENT SCHEME.

When the State of New York and the Dominion of Canada determined to acquire the property immediately adjacent to the great falls, and convert the banks into a public park where visitors could go freely and unmolested by the "fakirs" and pirates who formerly exacted tribute from all who visited the cataract, Mr. Thomas Evershed was one of the engineers employed by the commission to make the surveys and advise what was best to be done so as to preserve the magnificent natural wonder from vandalism and utilitarian desecration. For more than forty years Mr. Evershed has been a hydraulic engineer in charge of public work in the locality, and he entered with enthusiasm upon the work of restoration and of preservation of the natural beauty of the river banks and islands. But he did not lose sight of the fact that much of the power of the falls could be utilized without in the least affecting their beauty or impressiveness. After a conference with Mr. Evershed, Captain Charles B. Gaskill, the oldest user of power on the Hydraulic Canal, together with several other local men and others who commanded large capital and influence, secured a special charter from the New York Legislature, and under the provisions of this charter was formed the Niagara Falls Power Company, which is now building the great work which is the subject of this article. The company was given the power to sell stock to the amount of $10,000,000, and to construct, maintain, and operate tunnels, conduits, and sewers in, through, and under the town of Niagara and the village of Niagara Falls. These privileges were given with the provisions that none of the tunnels should infringe upon the State Reservation, and that the towns-people should have the right, under proper regulations, to drain their houses and streets into the tunnels of the company. The charter, as a whole, is liberal and comprehensive, and also gives the company the right to buy, sell, and lease lands, a most important consideration when it is borne in mind that the company proposes not only to lease power, but to furnish mill sites as well.

As is usual nowadays in America, the contract for doing pretty much all the actual work was given by the original company to a construction company—in this instance known as the Cataract Construction Company. Those interested in the construction company, a New Jersey corporation, are, I presume, pretty nearly identical with those who will operate the Power Company when the works shall have been finished. The first thing that was done was to acquire land on which the canal should be built, and for the location of mill sites. The first purchase was of two hundred acres, but this was found to be inadequate. By the time the company had got its finances in such shape that it could buy what was needed, there had been a most material advance in the value of lands all the way from Niagara to Buffalo; but the company was obliged to purchase even at these high figures, though the appreciation was entirely due to the efforts of the company to construct the works which were to give cheap, constant, and permanent water-power to manufacturers in the neighborhood. Last January title to more than twelve hundred additional acres was acquired, and these lands are marked out on the plan given below of the village, showing the river, the falls, the canal, and the tunnel.

THE CANAL AND TUNNEL.

As to the work itself, it was determined to build a large canal at the upper river level above the falls. This canal is 1200 feet long, 200 feet wide at the river, and narrows to 100 feet at its inland end. By means of pits in which turbine wheels will be placed, the power will be obtained, which will be transmitted to the various mills, and also to points as distant as it will be found to be economical to send it. For a long while men have been working night and day, and the progress has been gratifying and in accordance with the estimates of the engineers. The building of this canal was a matter of course, and there were no considerable engineering difficulties in the way. The same may be said of the immense tunnel which goes from the canal to the lower river, and serves as a tail-race to take off the water which has communicated its power to the turbines and needs an outlet. This tunnel is elliptical in shape and is 29 feet high and 18 feet wide. It is through solid rock, directly under the village of Niagara Falls, and empties into the river below the falls. This spot is most picturesque, as will be seen by the picture, and is quite easily reached by a foot-path over the rocks from the foot of the elevator stairs to the *Maid of the Mist* landing. The end of the tunnel is 214 feet below the top of the high bank of the river, and it ascends to the point where the canal empties into it at a grade of 36 feet to the mile. The head of water thus obtained is 140 feet. Though the tunnel goes through the solid rock, it has been thought best by the engineers, so as to make assurance doubly sure, to line it with a casing of hard brick. When the work on this great tunnel was begun, two shafts were sunk to the proper level, and work begun on the headings in both directions from each shaft, and also from the end of the tunnel on the lower river. Thus five gangs of men have been kept at work, and the progress has been satisfactory. Without mishaps and unforeseen detentions the whole 7000 feet of tunnel will be finished by September of 1892, and the managers are so satisfied that the present progress will be maintained, that they have already entered into a contract to deliver 3000 horse-power to one corporation next autumn, and they are willing to make other similar contracts.

TRANSMITTAL AND DISTRIBUTION OF POWER.

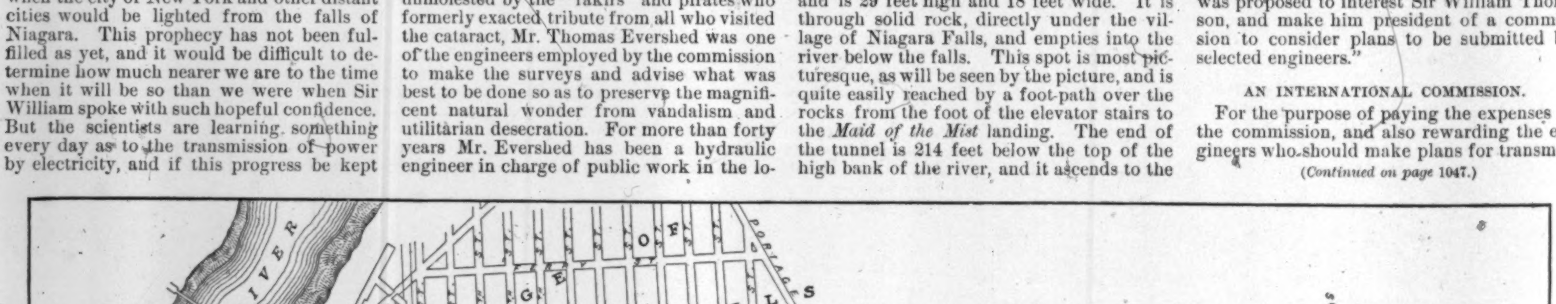
While, as has been said, the building of the canal and tunnel was a matter of course, which did not require great investigations to be determined upon, the other great question of how best to distribute and transmit the power was one which could not be hurriedly determined, and which even now has not been finally decided upon. Last year Mr. Edward D. Adams, of New York, the president of the construction company, visited Europe, and in his examinations in England, France, and Switzerland of the modes of transmitting power in those countries, became convinced that in America, in this branch of mechanics at least, our engineers had very much to learn. He determined to try and find which was the cheapest and best method known before any plan was adopted. He telegraphed to Dr. Coleman Sellers, and asked that distinguished engineer to meet him in London. Here is what Dr. Sellers has recently said before the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia of his meeting with Mr. Adams and the result. In preface to this it may be said that Dr. Sellers had been previously consulted by the company, and had examined and approved Mr. Evershed's plans, with some modifications. Said Dr. Sellers:

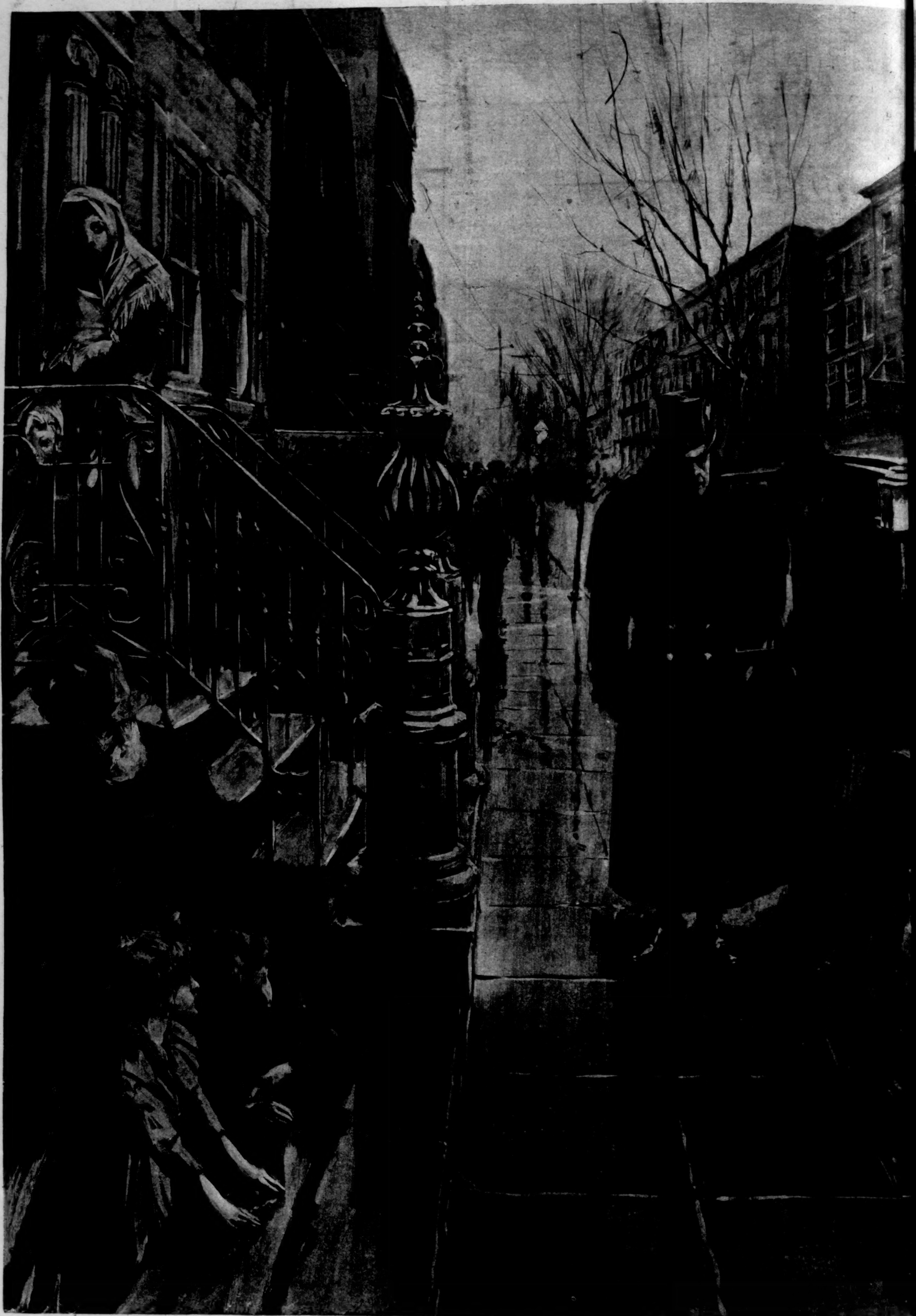
"I met Mr. Adams in London in May, 1890, and found that he was more enthusiastic than ever in the scheme, but that he was impressed with the idea that as there is not land enough around Niagara to use the power proposed to be developed for the inhabitants, the operatives, and the mill sites, it would be advisable to make the market larger by transmitting the power to a greater distance. With Mr. Adams I visited some parts of Switzerland and Paris, in the latter city to see the plan or system that had been adopted by M. Popp, who, having introduced compressed air as a means of moving the works of the tower and other clocks of Paris, had begun to supply air to and work other small motors. The enterprise has increased to such an extent that eventually 120,000 feet of pipe had been laid through the streets of Paris, and more than 10,000 horse-power might be generated by compressed air at his stations, to be transmitted to drive engines from 45 or 50 to 200 horse-power, and down to the smallest dental machines that are used in any establishment, and also operate the cooling chambers where provisions are kept. In Birmingham, England, extensive works had been erected, and power was being successfully transmitted by compressed air. The main thing, however, was to find out what would be the best means of transmitting the power of Niagara Falls to Buffalo, etc., and to get at a knowledge of the exact state of the art of developing water-power as well as transmitting the power. For that purpose it was proposed to interest Sir William Thomson, and make him president of a commission to consider plans to be submitted by selected engineers."

AN INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION.

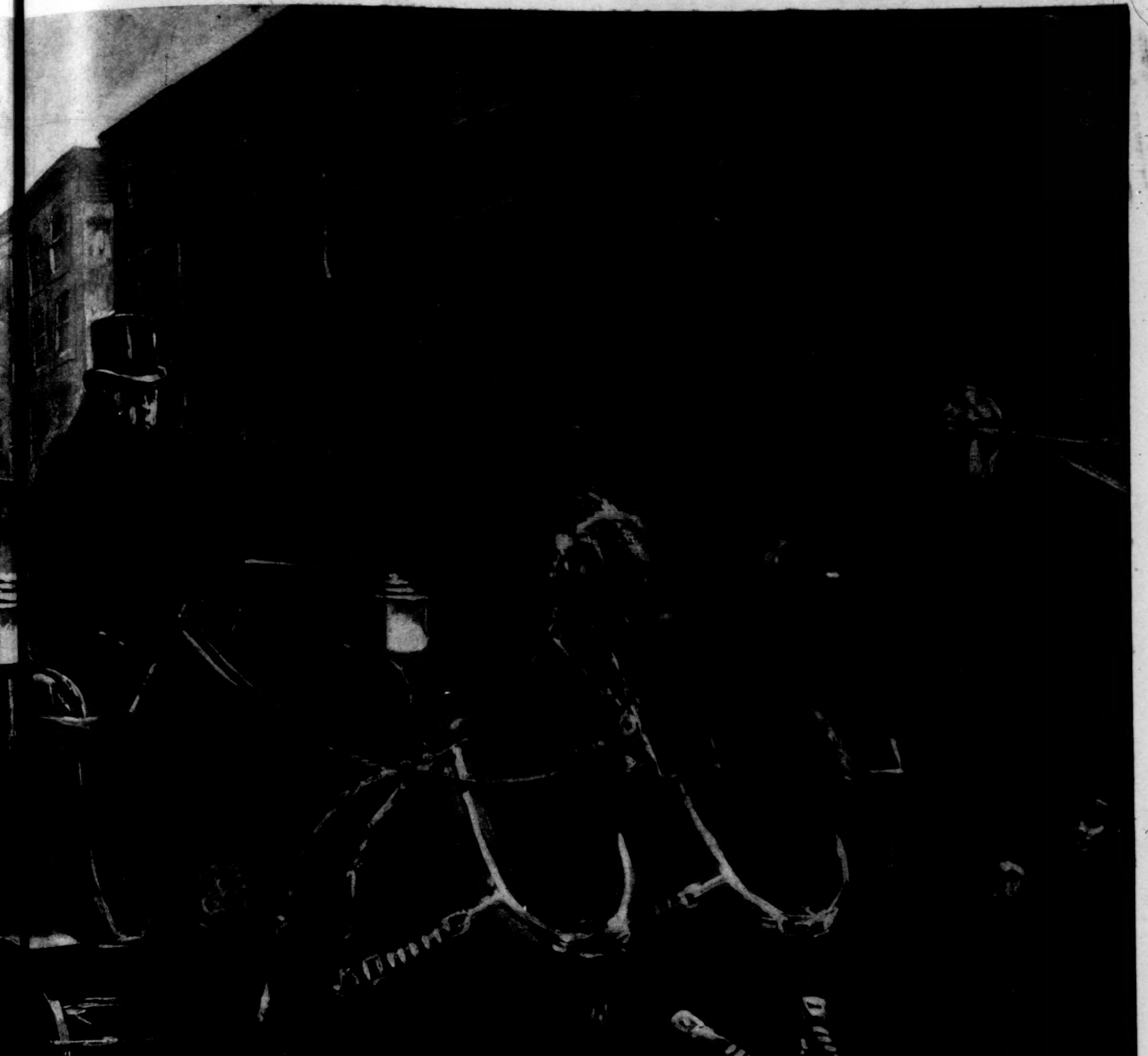
For the purpose of paying the expenses of the commission, and also rewarding the engineers who should make plans for transmit-

(Continued on page 1047.)





THE RICH AND THE POOR.—DRA



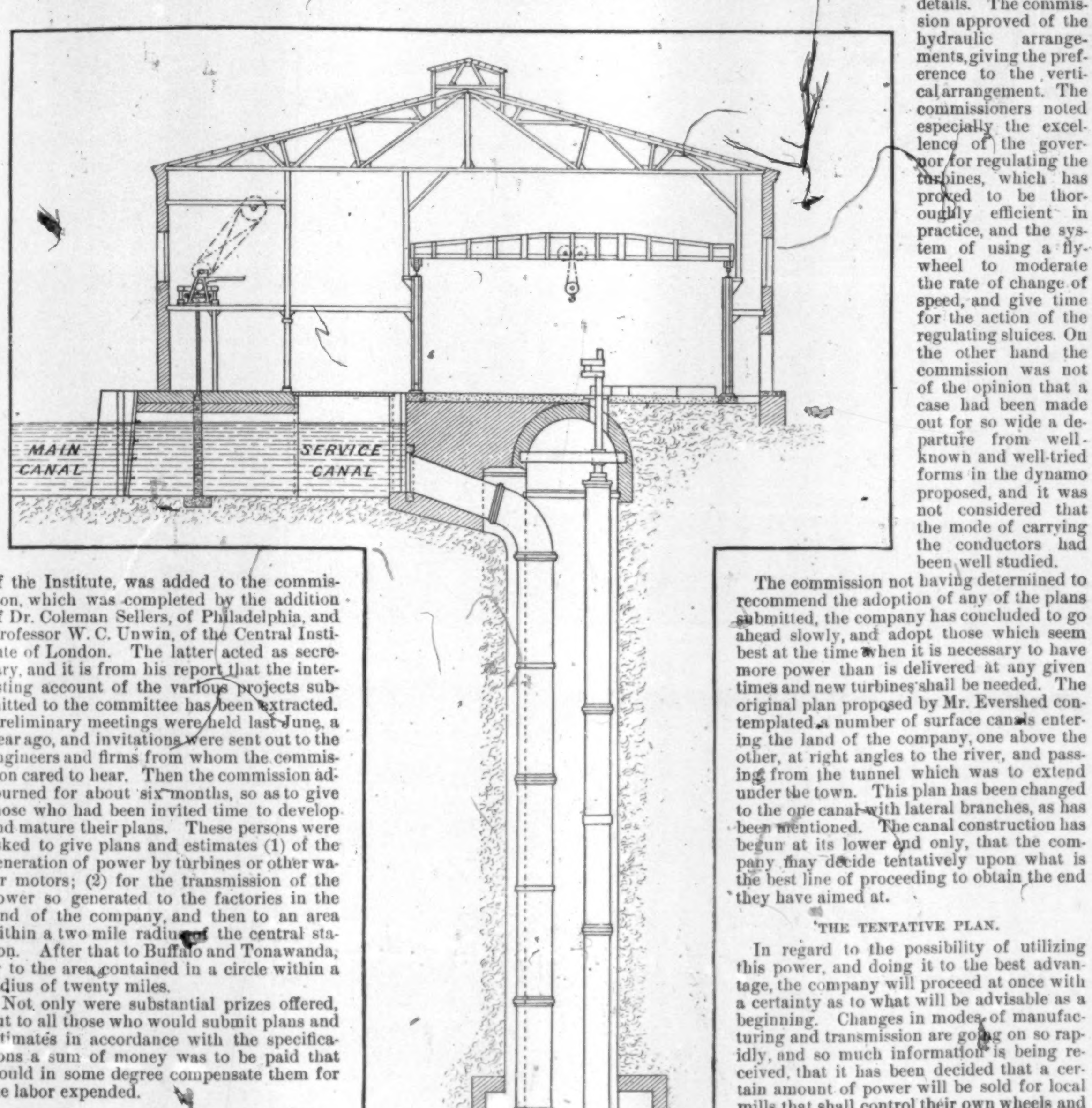
DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 1041.]

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

(*Continued from page 1042.*)

ting the power, twenty-five thousand dollars was appropriated by the company. But it was difficult even then to get men to act on the commission with Sir William Thomson and consider the subject. The majority of those who were noted for scientific pursuits were already retained by one or the other of the various electrical companies, or companies for the transmission of power, and it was not very easy to get any who were free and could act without bias in a commission of this character. Finally it was decided to select Colonel Theodore Turrettini, the Mayor of the city of Geneva, as the representative of Switzerland. Colonel Turrettini was noted as a hydraulic engineer, and had made the plans and supervised the erection of the improvements on the river Rhone at Geneva. Professor E. Mascart, of Paris, the head of the Meteorological Bureau of France, professor at the College of France, and member of the Institute, was added to the commission, which was completed by the addition of Dr. Coleman Sellers, of Philadelphia, and Professor W. C. Unwin, of the Central Institute of London. The latter acted as secretary, and it is from his report that the interesting account of the various projects submitted to the committee has been extracted. Preliminary meetings were held last June, a year ago, and invitations were sent out to the engineers and firms from whom the commission cared to hear. Then the commission adjourned for about six months, so as to give those who had been invited time to develop and mature their plans. These persons were asked to give plans and estimates (1) of the generation of power by turbines or other water motors; (2) for the transmission of the power so generated to the factories in the land of the company, and then to an area within a two mile radius of the central station. After that to Buffalo and Tonawanda, or to the area contained in a circle within a radius of twenty miles.

Not only were substantial prizes offered, but to all those who would submit plans and estimates in accordance with the specifications a sum of money was to be paid that would in some degree compensate them for the labor expended.



PLANS AND PRIZE-WINNERS.

The plans and estimates were sent in on the last day of the year 1890, but the meeting of the commission to decide on the plans was not held until the latter part of the month of January, 1891. This meeting lasted one week, and was conducted with great care and dignity, mainly in French.

Some of the estimates submitted were remarkable, illustrated by many costly drawings, finished in the highest plane of excellence, and accompanied by volumes of valuable information. The whole of the plans were so duplicated that each member of the commission became possessed of a set of the drawings, specifications, and estimates, as also of the written explanations that accompanied them.

All these schemes were based upon the work that the company had already done, some account of which has already been given. Many of the plans were for distribution and transmission of power by electricity, and some for the use of compressed air. The commission fully felt the importance and value of the compressed-air transmission, for the reason that it could be used wherever steam had been used without any duplication of plant, whereas with electricity in most instances new motors would be needed. No plans were received of the old method of transmitting power by cables or shafts. Both methods would be out of the question. The first prize of £600 for a combined project for hydraulic development and distribution of power was not awarded, the commissioners evidently feeling that they could not recommend any of the plans in their entirety. The second prize of £500 was divided between two firms of Geneva, Switzerland—Messrs. Fuesch & Piccard, and Messrs. Cuénod, Sautter, & Co., who acted in association. Several third prizes not contemplated at first, and of £200 each, were given as follows: Messrs Hillairet & Bouvier, Paris; M. Victor Popp, of Paris, and Professor Reidler, of Berlin; Messrs. Vigreux & Lévy, Paris; the Pelton Water-wheel Company, San Francisco; and the Norwalk Iron-works Company, of Norwalk, Connecticut.

SOMETHING OF THE GENEVA PLANS.

The two firms which received the second prize were acting in association, and produced two complete projects of similar character for the hydraulic utilization of 125,000 horse-power, and its distribution electrically both to Cataract City—the name of the new town springing up on the lands of the company—and to Buffalo. The general features of both projects are the adoption of Girard or impulse turbines, with complete admission and back vanes, permitting the use of suction pipes, so that the fall below the turbines is not wasted; a unit of power of 2500 horses for each turbine, as the maximum size which it is practically prudent to construct, and as capable of convenient arrangement to give the speed of rotation most suitable for the dynamos; in the electrical distribution, the adoption of continuous currents at constant potential, on the ground that that method has proved in practice safe, easy, and simple. The method of continuous currents is preferred as being simpler, exacting less apparatus, and permitting the attainment of a high efficiency. The method of constant potential is preferred to constant current, because in the latter plan the intensity of current would be too great for one circuit, and several circuits would involve complications.

In the consideration of the problem of electrical distribution the most fundamental question is the maximum difference of potential which is practically permissible, because the higher the potential the less in general will be the cost of distribution. With regard to this, these Geneva engineers have assumed that a difference of potential of 10,000 volts between the conductors and earth is not too great to be safely encountered. The machines can be adequately insulated by porcelain and oil, and the attendants can be protected by platforms insulated on porcelain, and provided with India-rubber carpets. But in the construction of high potential, continuous-current dynamo machines and motors greater difficulties occur, and here they limit the difference of potential at the terminals to 5000 volts. They assume that for a rate of work exceeding 50 horse-power motors can be used with a current of 4500 volts; smaller motors they would limit to 500 volts. As to the next most important question—the greatest power of a single dynamo machine—they have adopted 1250 horse-power in one project, and 2500 horse-power in another.

It should be said that the project of these two distinguished firms of Geneva engineers was elaborated with great care. Their memoir was carefully reasoned, Professor Unwin reports; the drawings were complete even as to details. The commission approved of the hydraulic arrangements, giving the preference to the vertical arrangement. The commissioners noted especially the excellence of the governor for regulating the turbines, which has proved to be thoroughly efficient in practice, and the system of using a fly-wheel to moderate the rate of change of speed, and give time for the action of the regulating sluices. On the other hand the commission was not of the opinion that a case had been made out for so wide a departure from well-known and well-tried forms in the dynamo proposed, and it was not considered that the mode of carrying the conductors had been well studied.

The commission not having determined to recommend the adoption of any of the plans submitted, the company has concluded to go ahead slowly, and adopt those which seem best at the time when it is necessary to have more power than is delivered at any given times and new turbines shall be needed. The original plan proposed by Mr. Evershed contemplated a number of surface canals entering the land of the company, one above the other, at right angles to the river, and passing from the tunnel which was to extend under the town. This plan has been changed to the one canal with lateral branches, as has been mentioned. The canal construction has begun at its lower end only, that the company may decide tentatively upon what is the best line of proceeding to obtain the end they have aimed at.

THE TENTATIVE PLAN.

In regard to the possibility of utilizing this power, and doing it to the best advantage, the company will proceed at once with a certainty as to what will be advisable as a beginning. Changes in modes of manufacturing and transmission are going on so rapidly, and so much information is being received, that it has been decided that a certain amount of power will be sold for local mills that shall control their own wheels and deliver water into the tunnel. This is to satisfy those people who wish to conduct their own manufacturing establishments in the old-fashioned manner.

There will be a central station first for the generation of about 5000 horse-power by compressed air, another one of 5000 horse-power by electricity, with the possible extension of either one of these to the amount of 100,000 horse-power, added in units of 2500 to 5000 horse-power to either one by one, in whichever direction proves the most profitable and is called for by the manufacturers. The company is anxious to do this work cautiously, economically, and thoroughly, so as to avoid mistakes. With this intent the matter has been placed in the hands of a Board of Engineers, of which Dr. Coleman Sellers is chairman; Colonel Turrettini, foreign consulting engineer; Mr. John Bogart, State Engineer of New York, consulting engineer; Mr. Clemens Herschel, the hydraulic engineer of the company; and Mr. Albert H. Porter and Mr. George B. Burbank, resident engineers at Niagara Falls.

FLOW OF WATER OVER THE FALLS.

As to the variation in the river level and the effect of this canal in the flow of water over the falls, Dr. Sellers has said:

> "Niagara offers a wonderful opportunity for a water-power of a stable character, more stable than any river that has been heretofore utilized. The difference of river level from time to time is slight; there is little more than three feet variation at the most in the river above the falls. Whatever change takes place in the upper river to the extent of a foot means a change of five feet in the lower river, because there the channel is so much narrower and deeper that this vast width of about 6000 feet above the falls is forced into a narrow gorge only a few hundred feet wide. It is not known exactly how much water there is going over Niagara Falls. There has been a great many guesses, and some computations that are more or less accurate, but they differ so much that doubt is expressed in regard to all of them.
>
> "The most careful examination goes to show that the amount of water taken by the Niagara Power Company, if they find people who can use 120,000 horse-power, which means a great many Lowells and Holyokes or a great many of the water-powers of New England put together, will probably affect the depth of water passing over the falls about one inch, and no more. Hardly perceptible when you think that a vessel loaded with timber has gone over the centre of the Horseshoe Falls seemingly without touching. When you have become familiar with the stream, and have learned how to realize its immensity, you will not fear loss of volume of cataract by reason of this little hole in the rock, large as it is in fact, that will be required to take away the water that has developed 120,000 horse-power."

COMPRESSED AIR.

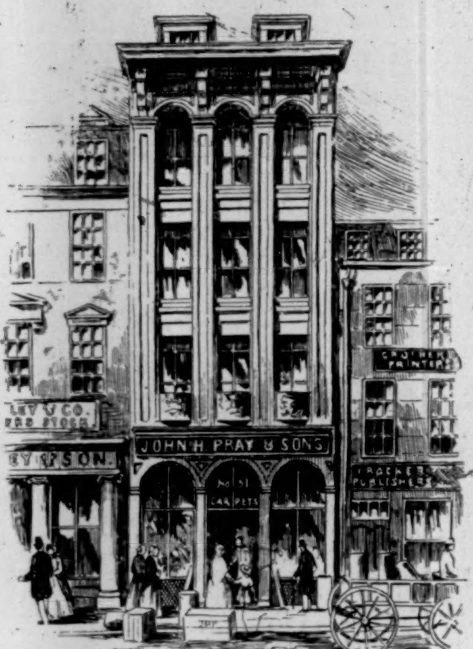
The two powers of 5000 horse each to be first generated will enable the company to fill the immediate demands upon it, and at the same time test the two methods and discover which is the cheaper. The best engineers are inclined to believe that electricity is the most perfect and economical method of transmitting power, but so long as people are not ready to set aside their steam-engines and at once substitute electric motors for them a company dealing in power will have to count with this indisposition to sacrifice the old plant. Manufacturers will take air that will be given to them in place of steam when they find that a handful of coal will very much increase the power of that air at their works, and enable air motors to be used close to the machines to be driven. Dr. Sellers tells of this use he saw of compressed air in Birmingham:

> "I was in one establishment at Birmingham where there were many houses united together that had been added one after another to form an establishment for making bedsteads. Formerly power was transmitted to each by shafting from a central engine—a very wasteful process—but when compressed air was put into Birmingham by Mr. Sturgeon and Professor Lupton, this bedstead factory took this compressed air from the station, passed it through a coil boiler over an ordinary fire made of coke that is no larger than would be required to heat an ordinary dwelling house, the fire tended by a boy. The air passing through this boiler is carried to engines, and these engines run without any attention whatever. The engines are warm—the air is exhausted at a temperature a little above that of the outside air, not down to the freezing-point, the pressure of air is at most only sixty or seventy pounds, and they have something to work with that is like the steam used formerly to drive steam-engines. Cupolas are driven by a jet of high-pressure air in a jet blast; so are blacksmith forges in the same way, and so on all the different parts of the establishment; everything is done by compressed air, and with absolute satisfaction."

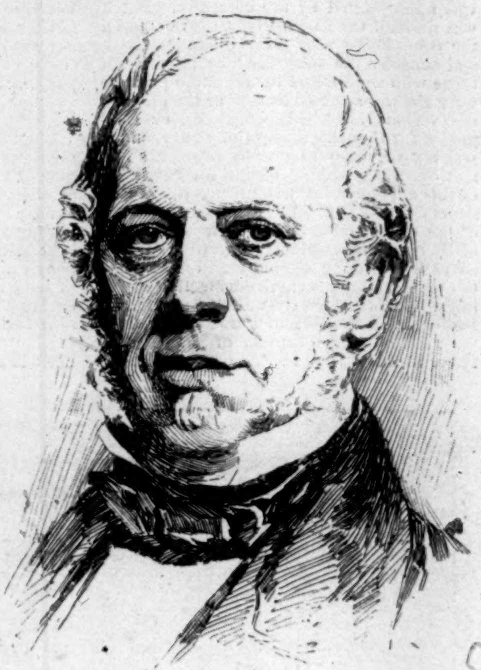
ULTIMATE PROSPECTS.

It is quite likely that the first large contract the company will take for the delivery of power at a distance from its central station will be to light the city of Buffalo. This will require 3000 horse-power. The present value of a horse-power generated from steam in Buffalo is $35 per annum. The company is now willing to contract to furnish on its grounds at Niagara Falls horse-power per annum of twenty-four-hour days at these rates: For 5000 horse-power, $10 per horse-power; for 4500, $10 50; for 4000, $11; and so on down to 300 horse-power, for which there will be charged $21 per horse-power per annum. If there be not a very great loss of power in the transmission to Buffalo, it seems very likely that the company will have no difficulty in underbidding any concern now using steam as the motive power for the electric lights, as the loss by transmission is considerably less than twenty per cent. About the use of water-power of the great falls in Buffalo within a year or so there can be no doubt. When it shall be brought to New York is another matter, but about that there are not so many elements of improbability as to excite men to scoff, for power has already been transmitted electrically a great distance, and that too with reasonable economy. At the recently held electrical exposition at Frankfort-on-the-Main, power to operate some of the machinery was transmitted by electricity from Lauffen-on-the-Neckar, a distance of 108 miles. At Lauffen there was a waterfall from which a turbine was operated, and a dynamo on the shaft of the turbine generated the current which was transmitted to Frankfort over a wire $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch in diameter. It was found here that the loss in transmission was only twenty-five per cent. Therefore it is likely that the power can be transmitted four times the distance without a loss so great as to make the scheme impracticable. When it does reach the great city, and by the water which leaves its natural channel for a brief space in the Niagara River, our streets lighted, our factories run, the machine of the seamstress kept in motion, and the very drill the dentist uses to bore our teeth impelled by it, then we shall more than ever feel that around the earth has been placed a girdle, a living belt that throbs and pulsates at the bidding of science, an encircling band rich in the potentialities of mighty but well-regulated movement.

A SOLID OLD BOSTON HOUSE.



STORE OF MESSRS. JOHN H. PRAY & SONS IN 1854.
(Reproduced from "Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion.")



JOHN H. PRAY,
Founder of the Firm.

The Boston of 1817 presented an appearance far different from that of the Boston of to-day. Its population was only about 40,000. It was not yet a city. Oil lamps feebly glimmered in the streets o' nights, and hand engines raced with one another to the occasional fires. Houses were not numbered, and streets bore no signs for the wayfarer's guidance. The Beacon Street mall of the Common was but just laid out, and the Public Garden, like Bunker Hill Monument, was a thing of the dim future. Of course there were no street railroads or steam cars, and as for telegraphs, telephones, and electric lights—

Yet an event of some consequence happened in 1817. It was in that year that Mr. John H. Pray—who, as we now look back upon him, is seen to have been a typical merchant of the old school—added to his modest business as a dealer in cloths a department for the sale of carpets. Young, energetic, and active, of pleasing appearance and agreeable manners, his cheerful bearing towards customers, and his honorable treatment of them, soon secured him a valuable patronage, and his trade rapidly increased. It was from this small beginning that the present great firm of John H. Pray, Sons & Co. has risen, with that slow but steady progress which is the invariable characteristic of all sound and healthy growth. The sale of cloths was abandoned many years since, and the "side issue" of seventy-four years ago has now come to be the principal business of a firm whose books bear the names of the children, the grandchildren, and even the great-grandchildren of some of its original customers—names known and honored in city, state, and nation.

Three quarters of a century ago there was no such thing as a carpet factory in this country. The bulk of the floor coverings in use were of the home-made variety, composed of remnants of cast-off clothing, gaudily trimmed with strips of red or yellow flannel. They were more rugs than carpets. The rich imported their carpets, and these came chiefly from England or from France, with here and there a highly prized specimen of the work of Oriental looms—haply brought home among the treasures of far-off lands stowed snugly in the hold of a stanch East-Indiaman, owned by one of the early merchant princes of Boston or Salem.

It would require a good-sized volume to properly detail the successive steps by which the carpet industry of this country has developed to its present vast proportions; but it may be said that the firm to which allusion is now made has not only kept abreast of all its onward movements, but that it has even aided, to no inconsiderable extent, by the influence of its sagacity and its enterprise, in stimulating the growth of one of the most important and prosperous branches of business within our national borders.

As the years have passed they have seen the firm successively outgrow one store after another, changing its location gradually southward along Washington Street from the first little shop near Cornhill—and, to adapt Goldsmith to the occasion, dragging at each "remove" a lengthening chain (of customers). In December, 1854, the firm of John H. Pray & Sons (such was its style then) was to be found at No. 51 Washington Street. A subsequent issue of *Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion* devoted some space to describing this building, accompanying it with an engraving.

The *Companion* itself, by the way, is deserving of a word or two just here. It was one of the earliest of illustrated weeklies, and was of a high standard in all respects. The copy now before the writer bears the name of Maturin M. Ballou as editor and proprietor, and that of Francis A. Durivage as assistant editor. Its circulation was placed at over 100,000 copies—enormous for those times—and in appearance and literary tone it was not much behind so excellent a publication as the HARPER'S WEEKLY of our own day and generation.

The *Companion*, however, was suspended long ago, while the firm of which its editor good-naturedly wrote some pleasant words is not only in existence, but has attained a standing in the commercial world undreamed of then. The *Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion*—really, what *is* there in a name?—spoke of No. 51 Washington Street as "a modern structure," and alluded to it as a "striking illustration of the progress of the age" in respect to the construction and fitting up of commercial buildings. "Half a century ago," says the *Companion*, "many of the shops and stores in Washington Street had no warming apparatus; and it was only because the preceding generation was hardier than ours that customers did not actually get frost-bitten while making their purchases." Elsewhere in the *Companion* article is the following:

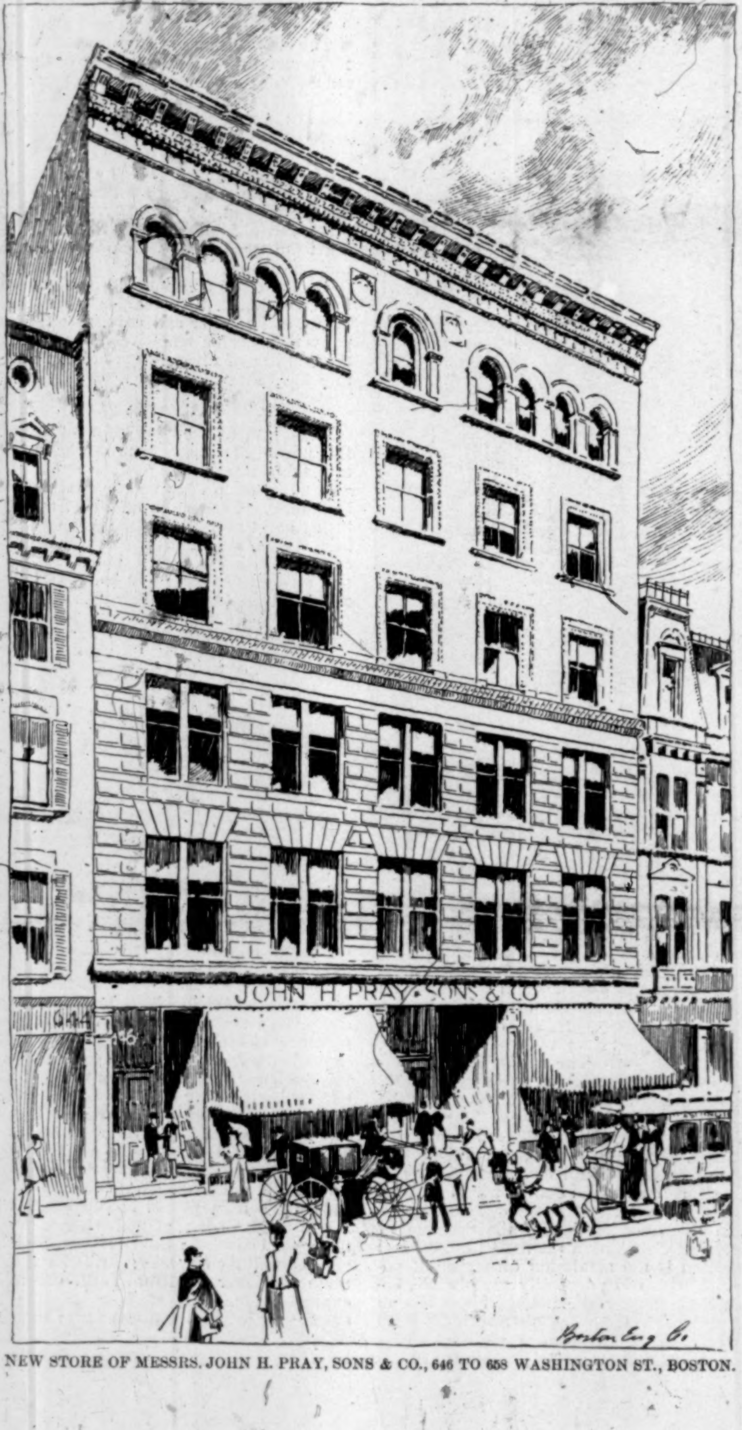
> "When we reflect that but a few hundred years ago the palaces of the kings of England were strewn with rushes, or, 'like the worst inn's worst room,' besprinkled with sand, we realize, in looking around on the splendid Axminster and Wilton carpetings, the thick, elastic Brussels, the serviceable Kidderminsters, the oil-cloths, and other manufactures of carpeting, both domestic and imported, and destined not only for the rich man's residence, but the poor man's dwelling, we realize, we say, the immense advance which the arts of civilization have made. The humble laborer of to-day has more actual comforts than the crowned head three centuries ago. It is a source of pride, also, to an American, in visiting this establishment, to see how closely our manufactures, yet in their infancy, approach those of other countries, with the accumulated wealth and the experience of centuries to back them."

The great fire of 1872 found the firm opposite the old Marlboro Hotel, where it had been for a dozen years or so. Building and contents yielded to the terrible onslaught of flame, and when once more the familiar sign was displayed to Bostonians it hung above a large block bounded by four streets, with its main entrance numbered 558 and 560 Washington Street.

The firm's quarters there, however, though very extensive, once more proved inadequate to satisfy the demands of a growing business, and Messrs. John H. Pray, Sons & Co. are now to be found in a new establishment, owned by them, and given up entirely to their use, at Nos. 646 to 658 Washington Street. It will be observed that this location is another step southward, and it is significant as showing the trend of retail business in Boston away from those portions of the city which half a century or more ago were thought to be most central, and therefore most advantageous.

The new store is on historic ground. Near its site once stood the famous "Liberty Tree," while on the opposite side of the street was to be seen, for many years, the old Boylston Market, long a familiar Boston landmark. The building is six stories high above the basement, and stands upon a lot of land containing 24,000 square feet. The total cost of the edifice and its site is $750,000. The structure, it is hardly necessary to state, is fitted with every modern convenience for the transaction of the firm's business and the comfort of its occupants. There are four elevators, two of which are for freight purposes solely, and in the spacious basement is a powerful electric-lighting plant. There is also an automatic fire-alarm system, covering the entire building, in connection with which is a self-acting sprinkling apparatus which is considered sufficient to hold in check, if not to extinguish, any incipient blaze.

It was early the policy of the firm to identify itself with such standard makes of goods as those of the Lowell, the Roxbury, and the Bigelow companies, and it is probably not too much to say that a part of the success of those corporations is due to the push and enterprise always characteristic of the Pray establishment—albeit the latter freely recognizes the advantage to it of acting as the leading distributor of the excellent products of those mills.



NEW STORE OF MESSRS. JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO., 646 TO 658 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Some five years ago an extensive upholstery department was added to the firm's carpet business, and it has proved a highly successful enterprise. A specialty is made of the complete fitting up of hotels in all respects, the firm having exceptionally favorable opportunities to carry out such contracts through its ownership of the old-established house-furnishing business conducted under the name of H. R. Plimpton & Co., at No. 1077 Washington Street. A wholesale branch, chiefly for the convenience of the Southern and Western carpet trade, has, for several years, been located at No. 113 Worth Street, New York.

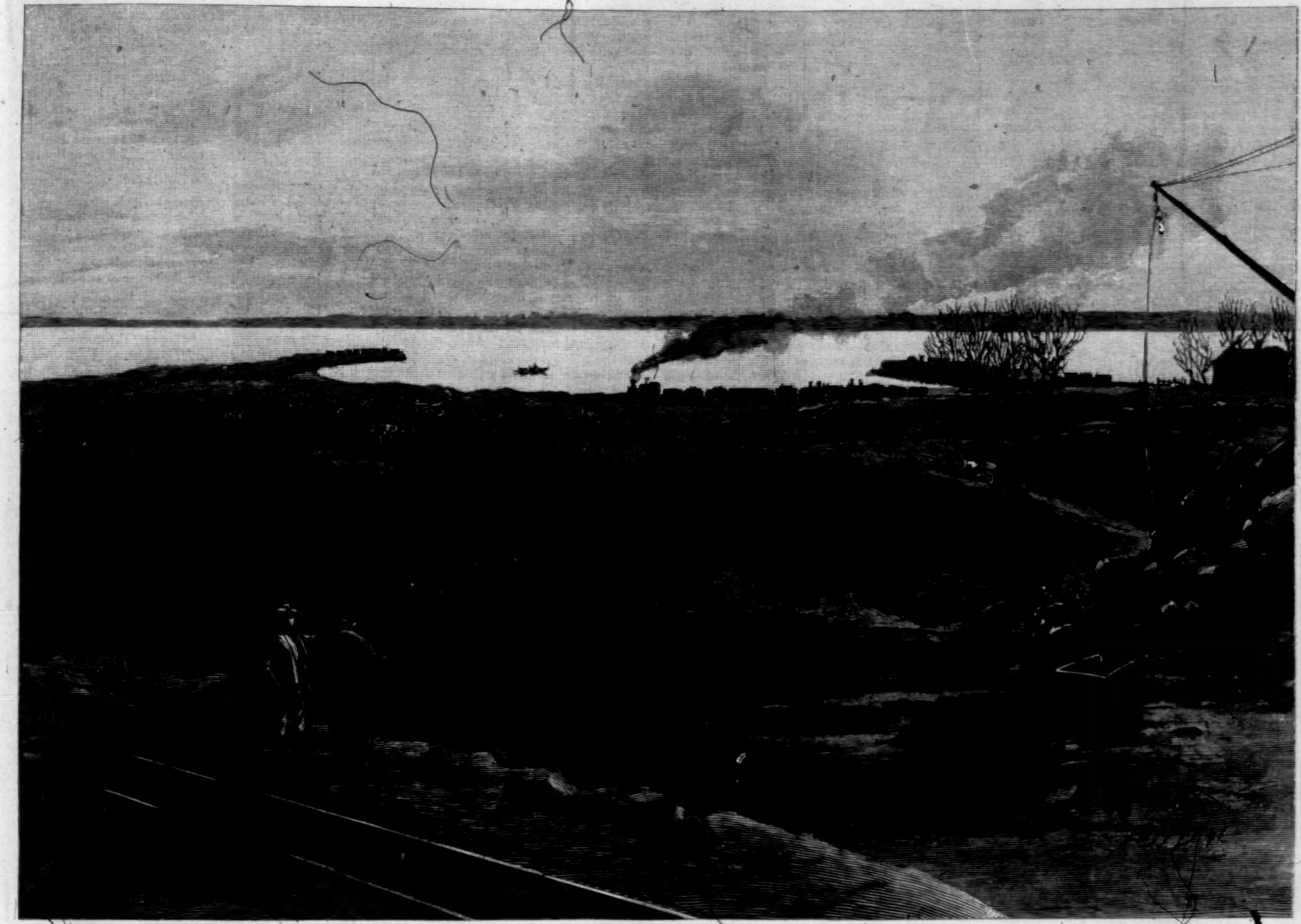
The firm's commercial status is well indicated by two significant facts: first, its rating in "Bradstreet's" is the highest known to that standard publication, being indicated by the cabalistic letters, well known to merchants, "G-a-a"; second, the statistics of the Boston Custom-House show that its consignments of rugs, carpets, and mattings exceed those of all other importers combined.

In accordance with the custom of many old-established and conservative firms, the son and the grandson of the founder have been successively taken into the business. Mr. John H. Pray died in 1864. His son, the present senior partner, Mr. John A. Pray, is 67 years of age, and resides in Boston. He is possessed of ample means, and is largely interested in various outside enterprises of a non-speculative character. He is president of the South End National Bank, a large owner in the Union Carpet-Lining Company, a trustee of the Penny Savings Bank, and a director in the Newton Street Railroad Company, and in several other corporations. His duties in connection with his various private interests are so pressing that the active management of the firm's great business devolves upon the two younger partners, Messrs. J. C. Randall and I. W. Chick; and if any one asks for *their* monument, he has only to visit the new establishment and "look around him."

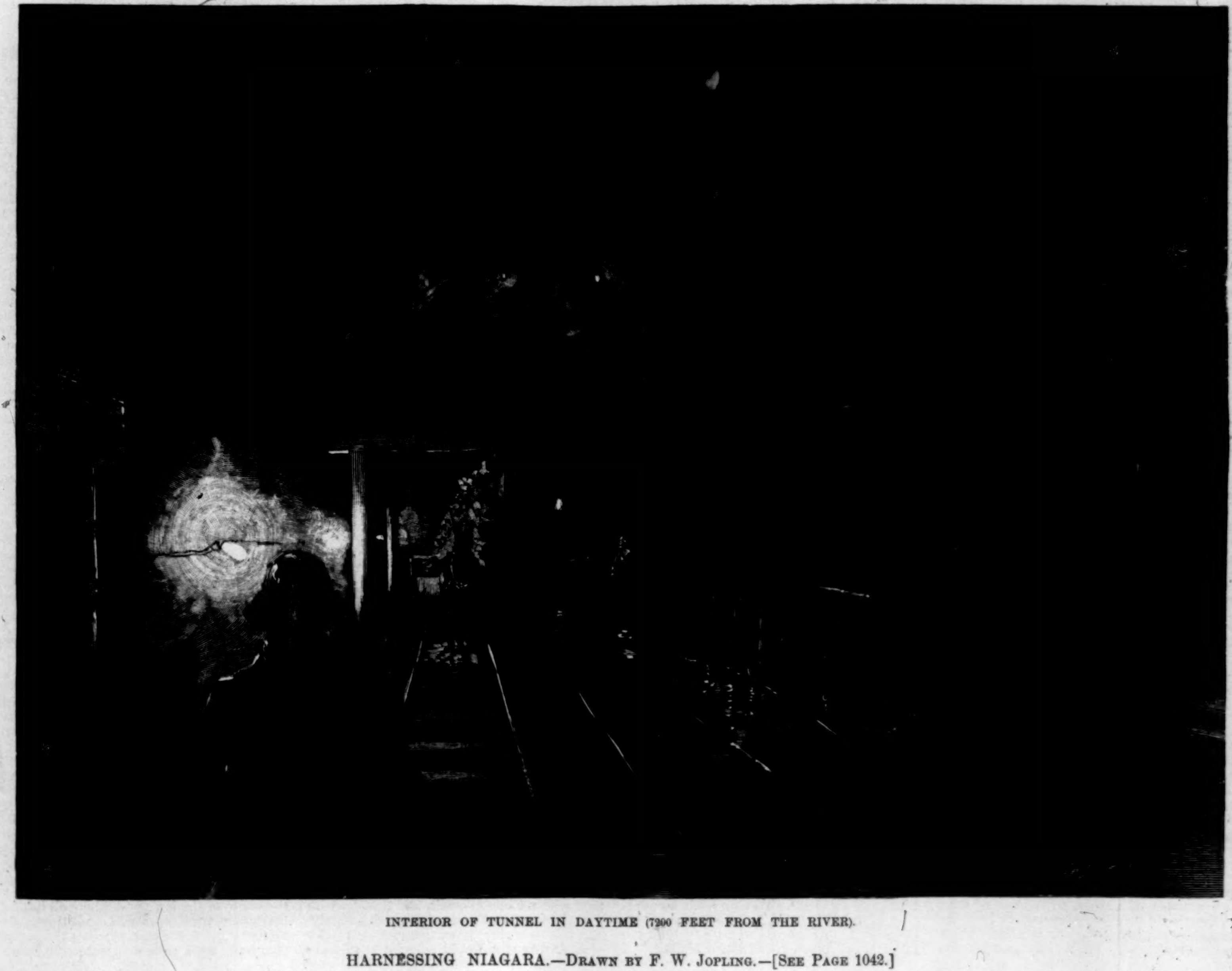
A striking characteristic of the firm is the large number of old employés to be found in its service. Many of its salesmen have been with the house for over twenty years, while several have more than thirty years to their credit. The head book-keeper is to be counted in this latter category, while one man—practically a pensioner now—has done faithful duty for thirty-six years.

A member of the firm who was recently asked to state the reasons, in his opinion, for its notable growth and prosperity, phrased his answer thus: "Entire reliability in goods; absolute accuracy in statements to purchasers; uniform courtesy in dealing with all customers; careful study of our business in a large way; printer's ink."

Surely that way should indeed lie success!



DIGGING THE CANAL.



INTERIOR OF TUNNEL IN DAYTIME (7200 FEET FROM THE RIVER).

HARNESSING NIAGARA.—DRAWN BY F. W. JOPLING.—[SEE PAGE 1042.]

A WARNING.

He formed a certain plan to make him great,
Which rigidly he followed all his days;
And when he breathed his last—a common fate—
He, dying, got a mighty lot of praise.

A decade subsequent to this his name
By all mankind was totally forgot.
His spirit reading o'er the scroll of Fame,
Wept sore to find that there his name was not.

And now he sits dejected on a cloud,
In dark oblivion, and constant grieves
To find himself one of the common crowd,
And deep sad sighs his spirit bosom heaves.

"I might have known that immortality
Can be achieved by scheming," so he wails,
"No more than robins can be caught—ah me!—
By putting salt upon their little tails."

And when I heard him make this sage remark,
It seemed to me—who still am but a youth—
In its veracity 'twas truly stark;
In other words, a bit of naked truth.

And I resolved upon that very day
That scheming for the laurel is not best.
I'll press whatever buttons come my may,
And let relentless Fate do all the rest.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A RECORD OF MONKEY TALK.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

When I was a child, seated on my great-grandam's knee, she told me of the Hessians that she had seen marching through Philadelphia streets, and also of a monkey that she once saw in Surinam, whose business it was to carry pails of water on its head to an exacting Dutch housewife. My patriotism might have been latent as far as the Hessians were concerned, but my curiosity in regard to monkeys probably dated from that early age. My mind, it may be said, has always been in a *tabula rasa* condition, prepared to accept at least this much, that monkeys were not to do things "out of the way," but in the way, of humanity. When, upon what I believe to be the most unimpeachable authority, I am told that Sally, the chimpanzee of the London Zoo, when she held ten straws in her hand, and you asked her for seven, would take away three, and unhesitatingly give you the remainder, after the first mental stagger I accept Sally as the developing simian arithmetician. I have lingered for a long time over a certain page in one of Miss Bird's books of travel, where she tells of dining in company with an ape or two somewhere in Malacca, and how the creatures behaved with singular decorum, with just as much propriety as well-bred children. The fact of the tempering of the strongest of animal instincts—that ravening greed for food common to brutes, and particularly to monkeys—made a strong impression on me. I was not, then, completely bowled over when Mr. F. S. Church, the artist, telegraphed me about as follows: "Come to the Zoo, and attend *conversazione* between Mr. Garner and monkeys."

Curiosity was naturally awakened to understand first by what processes of reasoning Mr. Garner had been led to the strange study of the existence of a series of distinguishable sounds peculiar to monkeys, by means of which they could communicate with their kind. The comic side of the situation, which always must assert itself, became secondary to the scientific part of it.

Evidently no one could undertake to handle such a subject without being an enthusiast, but there would be a wide distinction between the man contented to plod and another who, seeing much in the future, would be carried away, as it were, on the wings of his subject, floating into the realms of the unknown and unattainable.

If only on the threshold of finding out what might be the first articulate sounds uttered by apes, Mr. Garner's efforts are deserving of the highest praise. This was the question distinctly asked by Darwin: "From whence comes man, if not from the anthropoid apes?" To prove it, Darwin took what was the more tangible proof—the physical conditions. Here is a man from Virginia, some forty-four years old, who with infinite pains and patience is working backwards in another direction, one never before attempted. In archæology a splinter of flint represents the first tool primitive man may have used. Farther back than man, Mr. Garner is looking for the first understood syllable.

The many arguments, the *pros* and *cons*, in regard to the possibilities of a monkey vernacular, etc., will be forthcoming before long, but need not be presented here. If we accept the Darwinian theory, and should Mr. Garner's life work be accomplished, the advocates of evolution will have found a new and strong argument in their favor. Mr. Garner claims no priority of discovery as to the fact that animals use certain sounds for expressing certain emotions, for Darwin wrote, "Quadrupeds use their voices for various purposes, as a signal of danger, as a call from one member of a troop to another, or from the mother to her lost offspring, or from the latter for protection to their mother." Taking monkeys as a study, any comparative anatomist will tell you that the throat of the simian shows by laryngeal adaptation capabilities for sound vibrations, and even for singing. The gibbon may not be a vocalist adapted to Wagnerian requirements, but he warbles in his way, much to the disgust of men of sensitive ears who have followed him in the tropical jungle. Evidently the instruments are there, about as well keyed in monkeys as in birds, and nature never made any apparatus which was not to be utilized, otherwise in time atrophy must come.

Mr. Garner's approaches have been slowly made, and his self-preparation long. The man who proposes to untangle monkey chatter tells me of his hard work for years as a village school-master, where he paid most attention to the study of phonetics. He had been somewhat of an artist, and worked long with those undecipherable Mexican and South American hieroglyphics in the National Museum, endeavoring to interpret them. Trusting that certain profiles made by the aboriginal South American sculptors would give us the secrets of the glyphs, he delved deep into the study of human expression. Early in life, having been bred on a stock farm, he conceived the childish idea that horses had a language, and as a boy, though he had never read Dean Swift, he conceived the possibility of a Houyhnhnms dialect. Many distinct and apparently diverging studies all focussed, however, on this one point—the possibilities of formulating something intelligible to us from the talk of monkeys. Had they language? His mission was to understand it.

Some ten years ago, in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, Mr. Garner sat studying a cage containing a mandrill and numerous smaller monkeys. The mandrill, the big baboon with the upholstered face, the most disagreeable creature of his kind, was the bully and torment of the smaller monkeys. The cage had a partition with an opening through which the smaller monkeys could escape, and a box into which they could retire. Tired of bothering the little monkeys, every now and then the mandrill would be quiet. Then a little monkey would peep out, give a certain cry, as much as to say, "The big brute is asleep now, come along, you fellows," and out would troop the small ones. The instant the mandrill began to annoy one of them, another and a different cry would be heard, and away would scamper the whole party out of his reach. But that was not all. There came suppressed cries from the hidden chamber, where the monkeys were huddled, and then no one budged.

"I sat hours by that cage," said Mr. Garner, "revolving that scene in my mind—the fright of the monkeys, their signalling, the difference of the vocal sounds. I was lost in a daze of thought. I never knew how long I sat there. That was years ago, and from that hour and day began this particular study."

The effort made first by Mr. Garner was to produce by our alphabet the sounds he heard, and to memorize them. The difficulties were immense. The subjects themselves were not ready at hand. The toil was constant. He visited all zoological collections, and, as he expressed himself, "I am on speaking acquaintance with every monkey in the United States." Superintendents of Zoölogical gardens or keepers were not always courteous. For him to say, "I want to hear your monkeys talk," was sure to be met with a rebuff. Evidently the supposition was entertained that it was not safe to permit a man bent on such an errand in too close proximity with monkeys.

Desirous of familiarizing himself with monkey speech, Mr. Garner tried to form with letters some of the rudimentary sounds made by the monkey. "There is one sound, 'egck,' with a Polish terminal, which no letters will define. I have certainly repeated 'egck' five hundred times consecutively, with varying inflections, so as to get it right. Then there is an o- or a dominant sound monkeys make of ŏ ŏ preceded by a wh-, something like in 'whoo.' Now the old Saxon made a distinct w, not a vanishing w as we do. Make it wh-u-w, as an equivalent to a monkey 'oo,'" said Mr. Garner.

"It was terrible work to fix these sounds when I began. Results were often barely appreciable, even to a trained ear. The monkeys were not always inclined to give utterance to any sound. The most promising subject regarded me as a stranger, and would sulk. Monkeys, unless they know you, are not loquacious. I have at least one talent—unlimited patience. At last came the Edison phonograph. I was being shipwrecked, when this wonderful machine saved me. I spent a sleepless night when the possibilities of such a recording instrument were first mooted. I made use of it at once. It simplified matters. What I do now is to receive the sounds monkeys make on a cylinder. I may use a dozen cylinders and only get one worthy of preservation, but when I do get that one I think a day or a week not wasted. Having a good cylinder record, I take it to my study. Then at night, when all is still and quiet, I listen to its sound. I may have the same cylinder turn for me for hours in a stretch. I cannot always isolate one monkey. I have many sounds imparted to the same cylinder. I analyze them all. Having such a collection of monkey talk, I have been able to classify it. At once I must say that too much is not to be expected of a monkey. I am not to create what does not exist. The gamut a monkey has is limited. The expressions he uses, indicative of his wants or his emotions, are but few. He has no ideas on the tariff, silver, or civil service. What I believe he says may be equivalent to these expressions: 'I am hungry,' 'I am thirsty,' 'Watch out, now,' 'I am frightened,' 'I would tear you to pieces if I could.'

"These are not phrased, of course. Man was highly developed when he strung words together. A single sound expressing something suffices a monkey. He may intensify his different calls according to varying conditions. He may be comparative or superlative with his 'egck,' or his 'w-h-o-o-w.' Now I insist that by your ear, as imparted by means of the phonograph, you will hear that monkeys in St. Louis or in New York of the same species say precisely the same things over and over again when they are hungry, thirsty, or afraid. That much, at least, lays something like a positive foundation for future study. Who shall say to me that the mental development of all monkeys is the same? Have I exhausted monkey individuality? Take the common, ordinary monkeys—for instance, the Rhesus. They may be the Bushmen of their race. Why should I not find in the chimpanzee the Aryan, the highest development? What is to prevent educated simians, as were the late lamented Sally and Crowley, from having more distinct or enlarged or complicated qualities of speech expressive of new wants? May I not expect from long groping in the dark to come later on to a more luminous condition? That is where I shall try to get to."

Mr. Garner's manner in saying this much was cool and quiet. There was not the hardness of the man who sought what was an abstraction; there was neither dogmatism nor asseveration. The basis of scientific research was present. He had, he believed, found the clew, and he would follow it to the very end.

The time for the experiment at the New York Zoological Department at Central Park was early in the morning. Acting on the general broad principle that a bird who will not sing must be made to sing, hungry monkeys, impatient for breakfast, were the most likely to say something in Garnerian equivalent to "Hurry up them cakes." Mr. Garner, Mr. F. S. Church, Mr. Conklin, and the writer were assembled in the monkey-house. Mr. Garner's back was toward the largest monkey-cage, and he held in his hand a ruddy apple and a knife. "You will notice that some one of these Rhesus monkeys will certainly try and signal me," said Mr. Garner. "Some one will utter his distinct cry for food later on, but it will be preceded by something else."

We all listened. Then there was heard a series of sharp taps on the floor of the cage. A monkey was rapping. He seemed to do it in three taps with his little clinched fore hand. Then the cry began. They did not all of them ask for apple, for there was one very greedy monkey, who was the most importunate, and he kept to the front and tried to bully the others. Sometimes three or four would cry; then they would cease, and the tapping at the floor would begin again. At last the apple, cut in small bits, was given to the monkeys, and the call for food was continuous. One small apple among so many was hardly a snack, but the monkeys' appetites were whetted. Now the phonograph was brought into play.

The monkeys did not seem to mind the apparatus. It was apple they were after. Perhaps if less keen set, the brass funnel with its open mouth might have frightened them. More apple was given them, and their replies, directly over the big recipient of the phonograph, were recorded on the revolving cylinder.

It was a Barmecidian feast, but satisfactory, at least to Mr. Garner, for a cylinder was obtained. Next in order was the recording of the monkey sound for thirst. Jake, the keeper, poured out milk into the pan in a niggardly manner. The twitter the monkeys made was a less positive sound than when the apple was visible. The whole company had, however, either recognized the milkman or his tin can, or had smelt the milk. The poor little chaps rushed to the pan, where there was barely enough for one, and now a clutter of monkeys, like Oliver, cried for "more." At once the phonograph was put in position, and a second page in the simian vocabulary was set up in sounding type. The final chapter was a copy in short-hand of monkeys in a tip-top rage. A few passes made by the keeper sent the whole cage into an ecstasy of passion. The creatures screeched, raved, scolded, and their bad temper seemed infectious, for distant monkeys participated in the row, and bounced about, and were in paroxysms of anger. The revolving cylinder took in all the clamor in an unruffled manner.

Presently all was quiet. "At least in studying the monkey I have discovered this," said Mr. Garner: "he is a prey to transient emotions. With most of them anger lasts but a moment. A monkey will pass from one feeling to another with the utmost rapidity. Fixity of purpose is somewhat wanting. You will notice that we are all his good friends just now. They might be mad with me one moment, and friendly with you the next, and change just as suddenly. But this they seem to want in their captivity—somebody who would be good to them, to protect them. They have what might be designated as receptivity for kindness, but do not in their brains know how to return it—that is to say, among the lower grades of simians."

After the apparatus and cylinders had been removed and carried to Mr. Conklin's office, and we were getting better informed, an Italian entered who was in want of a monkey for the organ-grinding business. He was short, squat, chunky, and had the perfect padrone make-up. His English was the accepted lingo of the comic Italian. At once, for his special benefit, a particular cylinder was put in the machine, and across the room by means of the funnel came the sounds. The Italian's beady eyes sparkled; his big mouth, his square white teeth, were disclosed. He looked amazed, and simply said, "Monkhe mad." It was the cylinder which had recorded monkeys on the rampage. On all the cylinders Mr. Garner first dictates the date and the character of the experiment. Thus on this particular one there was: "New York, Dec. 16, 1891. Central Park collection. Cage of Rhesus, capucine monkeys. Cries of temper."

The day before, as Mr. Conklin and Mr. Church told me, a pretty experiment had been made. The hunger cry of the monkeys, the regular denizens of Central Park, had been taken. A batch of brand-new monkeys had been bought some days before, and they had not been put in the regular monkey quarters, but in another room. The cylinders were turned before the new-comers with the hunger cry, and at once all the strangers understood it, and began to beg in their turn, making all the sounds and gestures of famine.

The common school of monkeys in the United States Mr. Garner has exhausted. How does he propose to sit down as a humble student at the feet of the more distinguished of the simian race, and familiarize himself with their wise utterances? What academic grove will give shelter to this new disciple? To change metaphors, Mr. Garner proposes taking the bull by the horns. He is going to track the gorilla to his lair, to follow the chimpanzee to his native fastness. It is in Africa, the Gaboon River, the stamping-ground of Du Chaillu, where Mr. Garner is to begin his graver work. His preparations are being made. At present such time as he has at his disposal he is devoting to the study and perfecting of his equipments. He has had built a cage seven feet square, made of light steel bars, in which he is prepared to ensconce himself, and there await developments. His idea is to lure (if he can) a gorilla in the proximity of a phonograph, and to get him, without his knowing it, to talk into the funnel. The chimpanzee is to be baited to soliloquy.

"It will take a passionate patience to do all I propose doing," said Mr. Garner. "I shall stay so long in the haunts of the chimpanzee that he will not be afraid of me. I trust to get on speaking terms with him. Before he knows it, I shall have his original native discourse in chimpanzee, pure and undefiled. More than that. With the actual scientific apparatus I shall take with me I will not only record his voice, but by electrical communication will snap a camera on him. I shall photograph him just as he is, free, never having been cramped by confinement, and capture him afterwards if I can. But there is one thing more than that. Say I have in my cylinders the sounds the gorilla or the chimpanzee make. Is that all? Granted that I have got to the bottom of monkey talk, my task would be but half accomplished. I have but forged a single link in the chain. I want another. I propose taking down the speech of the lowest specimens of the human race—the pygmies, the Bushmen. Perhaps men will be less amenable to reason than apes. The phonograph will record the variations of human speech, impossible to obtain otherwise. At least I can get the Hottentot cluck and click. If there be family resemblance, structural relationship, between the Rhesus monkey, the chimpanzee, and the lower grades of humanity, there may be correlation of speech, philological kinship, and then—and then—the origin of man's talk might be found."

There was something grewsome in a surmise like this—the further pinning down of humanity to his anthropoidal apish origin; but it was not said in an airyish or irreverent manner. Then somebody who wanted to flaunt his erudition said:

"And what's to become of the Max Müller business about Sanskrit? As a lover of dogs, I never quite forgave him sitting down on the imitative source of language, and killing the bow-wow theory."

Then somebody else remarked, "Why, don't you know that monkeys are sacred in India, and may they not be revered because a lost tradition had made them the source from whence language sprang?"

"And that," said the artist, sententiously, "only increases my respect for the monkey."

It all seems like a Jules Verne excursion into the animal kingdom; but with a man as a directing spirit who will go to Africa, taking with him all those scientific implements which have positive and practical effectiveness, much may be expected. No one can know what Mr. Garner may not accomplish. He may advance only by one footprint into the realm of the long past, where all has been heretofore hazy, confused, indistinct. Certainly he is a brave man who has the courage to try and solve nature's greatest mystery.

AMATEVR·SPORT

IT IS HARDLY WORTH WHILE wasting either time or space in commenting on any alleged amateur boxing tournament that is held in New York city under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union. So far as boxing goes, the A. A. U. is a gigantic fraud. It makes rules with one hand and violates them with the other. It stares you out of countenance in its virtuous complacency one minute, and the next plays hobs with your peace of mind by the very seductiveness of its facetious winks. It roars like an outraged lion in one instance, and cooes like a fluttering dove returned to its mate in another. In plain every-day American, the Amateur Athletic Union and the officers thereof know as well as I do that they are tolerating professionalism in boxing. They excuse their inaction because of "lack of evidence"; but it is not that, it's because these boxing tournaments make money, because they fear to wring the official neck of the breeding dens of these pests to decent sport. It's a toleration that amounts to harboring the worst type of the professional. There is no cause of complaint against the honest professional; he will never injure amateur sport; he is indeed, in his way, an aid to its furtherance; it is these things chaperoned by the Amateur Athletic Union which infest amateur boxing that are dragging down to their own filth one of the most enjoyable and health-giving of all the sports—these things that masquerade as amateurs enveloped in the A. A. U.'s domino.

THE REORGANIZATION SCHEME and that resolution to enlarge the Metropolitan Board to twenty-five, are the two causes of the present state of affairs, for they have combined to give the control into the hands of the promoters of this boxing element. But the supreme body of the A. A. U., the Board of Managers, still holds the balance of power, and its inaction under the present state of affairs—of which the Butler-Cahill fight is a shining example—is the more disgraceful because of their higher order of intelligence. The A. A. U. has absolutely taken in clubs that it must have known were formed, controlled, and run by a few saloon-keepers and the like for the sole purpose of making money. The Butler-Cahill fight, for instance, was under the auspices of the Eagle Athletic Club, which is reported to be composed of nine men, including Butler and Cahill. The club took in about $8000. What became of it? But writing on this subject is like telling a man the sewer runs filled with filth—he knows it—and so every one with three grains of common-sense likewise knows the disreputable condition of this so-called amateur boxing. The Metropolitan district is filled with clubs like the Eagle, that literally exist to make money out of the boxing, and have their headquarters over some saloon, whose owner is likely enough the club's patron saint. These men are well enough in their way, and there is no reason on earth why they should not have their scraps and make money out of them; but their way is not our way, and the Amateur Athletic Union is a recreant to the trust imposed in it when it foists this element on us.

THE A. A. U. HAS ONE RESOURCE by which to restore itself in our good opinion. It must strike off boxing from its list of sport. It's an outrage to drag so good a sport through so much slime, but the cause is a worthy one. The Eagle clubs and their kind will resign from the A. A. U., and we may then start anew. The organization a few days since of the University Athletic Club sounds the death-knell of any athletic organization that does not live up to its amateur standard. We shall no longer be dependent on the A. A. U., and if it does not clear its skirts of all such pests as this boxing element, it will find its athletic usefulness in this vicinity taken from it. In the championship on Saturday night the men sent over by the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy were a pleasing contrast to the local entries. It is the last team the A. C. S. N. will send here. There were a couple of clever exhibitions, but the majority of boxers were of the conventional slugger type. The wrestling was very good, and the judging of Hugh Leonard especially noteworthy.

THE ICE-YACHTING SEASON last year was a dismal disappointment. Opening with great promise, it actually did not furnish one day's good sport from the first day of sailing, January 13th, to the opening of the river, March 11th. There was thick ice and plenty of it all winter, but rain, thaw, and snow-storms followed one another with a relentless frequency that kept yachtsmen in a continual state of despair. Three distinct attempts were made to race for the Challenge Pennant of America, the ice-yacht trophy of the world, but the wind was invariably too light to make the twenty miles in the time limit of one hour and fifteen minutes. After all the raising of hopes for a meeting of the North Shrewsbury Club's yachts *Scud* and *Haze* with the *Icicle*, *Jack Frost*, *Avalanche*, and *Northern Light*, of the Hudson River Club, none came to pass, and the season of '91-2 finds the rivalry not a bit decreased. The only decisive race of last season was for the Van Nostrand Challenge Cup between the Shrewsbury and Orange Lake clubs, in which the former won.

ALTHOUGH THE WEATHER is not very promising, unless last Thursday is a forerunner of what we may expect, for an early closing of the Hudson, there is already great activity in the clubs for the approaching season. Norman Wright, of the Hudson River Club, has bought the fast yacht *Dragon* from the Orange Lake Club, and rumor has it that a member of the latter club is building a large yacht to race against the North Shrewsbury Club, for what these two have been pleased to call the Challenge Cup of America. The history of the trials and tribulations of that cup is worth relating, but then that is another story. Irving Grinnell, of New Hamburg, has built a large cat-rigged boat on some new plan, and is expecting to make a show of the others in the same class.

ARCHIE ROGERS IS NOT SATISFIED with prospective conquests on the water, but intends as well to improve every opportunity for them on the ice. He has rebuilt *Jack Frost* so that it will be smaller than last winter, but he expects a considerable improvement in speed. Commodore John A. Roosevelt has given *Vixen* a new runner plank and box, and the boat will unquestionably make a good record in her class. With his other flyer, *Icicle*, if there is any racing at all, Mr. Roosevelt will be seen in the van. Dr. Barron is quite as enthusiastic as ever, and will have the *Northern Light* in racing trim. James L. Breese evidently intends inaugurating a season of ice yachting at Tuxedo, for he has recently had an excellent third-class yacht built by Buckhout. The wonder is the sport is not more general, for it is the most exhilarating likewise the most fascinating of the winter category. It has the further advantage of not being very expensive, for after the initial purchase, the outlay, except, of course, for the ordinary repair of wear and tear, is not considerable. You are owner, captain, and crew in one, and once you have experienced the sensation of swiftly gliding over the surface of smooth ice, of skimming along apparently on air, you will guard the helm as jealously as a boy does his first drum.

BECAUSE OF THE DEMAND on our space here by other matters more widely interesting, it has been impossible to follow the drag-hunting season as closely as it would have been our pleasure to do. Now that the season is over, a brief résumé will be found both instructive and timely. Through the skill and management of Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., the Meadow Brook hounds are undoubtedly the stoutest and fastest pack in America. During the three years of his Mastership the weaker and slower hounds have been drafted, until now the hard-riding men of Meadow Brook can point with pride to hounds and horses and a line of country that is scarcely equalled. A great advantage which hunting on Long Island offers over other sections near New York is the spring season, usually lasting the six weeks from March 15th to May 1st. The second season of the present year has been the longest known in the history of the club. It began at Southampton August 28th, and lasted until the cold snap of last week put an end to the sport. Mr. Hitchcock's stable of hunters is in keeping with the form and quality of the hounds. There are eight of them, and none but thoroughbreds of the highest type. Until recently they have all been of one color, chestnut; but lately he has added four clean-bred grays. It's a curious fad of some hunting men to have mounts of one color; but this and other little odd fancies may be traced to many of the hardest-riding men in the country.

IT REQUIRES GREAT SKILL and the most resolute riding to make thoroughbred horses face the high timber fences which abound on the north side of Long Island; and yet it seldom happens that the Master of the M. B.'s is not in the same field with the hounds, no matter how fast the pace nor how big the line; and the field must be well mounted and hard going to be with them at the finish. The month at Southampton was experimental to some extent, and to condition hounds for the faster and harder work of the regular season. The runs were greatly enjoyed by a number of residents, as well as the club members, and Mrs. John A. Stewart, Jun., Miss Eloise Stevenson, Miss Kate Cary, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Stevens, and Miss Roby when out were usually found among those that followed straight, and were always with the hounds. With few exceptions the runs of the regular season, beginning October 1st, have been most brilliant, and all have proclaimed the sport of the highest order. The following is a list of those who have hunted quite regularly during the season of 1891:

C. C. Baldwin, P. F. Collier, C. Carroll, E. T. Cushing, R. L. Cottenet, C. L. Cottenet, Ralph N. Ellis, C. E. Havemeyer, H. L. Herbert, T. Hitchcock, Jun., J. L. Kernochan, H. V. R. Kennedy, J. D. F. Lanier, Stanley Mortimer, Richard Palmer, S. D. Ripley, E. Willard Roby, N. C. Reynal, Albert Stevens, Robert Stevens, John A. Stewart, Jun., J. B. Van Schaick, R. D. Winthrop, George Work, F. Gray Griswold, J. G. Beresford, Harry Page, F. C. Magoun, J. Clinch Smith.

THE RADNOR HUNT CLUB has been making many improvements in the last season or two. The loss of the hounds by rabies was serious, but, after all, proved to be a blessing in disguise, for the new pack of thirty-two couple is a draft from the celebrated Belvoir pack of Leicestershire, England, and greatly superior in quality to the old one. The real show feature of the club, however, is the new kennels, complete in every detail, and probably unexcelled even in Great Britain. The anise-seed bag, by-the-way, is an almost unknown quantity to the Radnor men, Reynard himself furnishing sport in abundance. Mr. Charles E. Mather has proved to be a most efficient Master, and appears to show better sport with each season of his incumbency. The general interest in hunting about Philadelphia is growing very materially. The fields are increasing steadily, the horses taking kindly to their work, and of a far better class than those shown two or three years ago, and the club is in a most prosperous condition. There is none more flourishing, in fact. A feature which gives the Master much peace of mind is the appearance of farmers among the riders. This class is very friendly, and offers at the runs no objection to the crossing of their land. On an especial invitation several members of the Meadow Brook, Rockaway, and Essex clubs hunted with the Radnors one day two weeks ago, and the sport afforded by following an actual fox was a very pleasing innovation.

THE ROCKAWAY HOUNDS have been hunted regularly during the past season, but the club is not in a flourishing condition, and it is quite likely that another year may bring about a consolidation with the Meadow Brooks. Lack of funds is the sole cause of languishment, and it really seems too bad that with fine country, a good pack of hounds, and some of the best riders in the field, more encouragement should not be given the sport. In the little band that has followed the Rockaway hounds hard and straight are three of the best cross-country riders in the American hunting-field. John E. Cowdin and Foxhall Keene have no superiors among the men, while Miss Mabel Metcalf has no equal among the women for either cool judgment or hot work when advisable. Besides these there are the La Montagnes, all thorough sportsmen, from the father down to the youngest son, and Farley Clark, who as Master has gone deep into his pocket for the maintenance of the kennels. But the call on these and a few other willing ones has been frequent, and the encouragement from the residents slight. Cedarhurst people somehow have not added their names to the subscription list with either alacrity or liberality, and in consequence the hunt is going to the rival colony at Meadow Brook. To think that we should live to see the day when Rockaway hounds would cringe under the lash of a Meadow Brook whipper-in! The fields have been small, but those seen very regularly are:

Farley Clark (Master), Miss Metcalf, René and Albert La Montagne, Foxhall Keene, John E. Cowdin, A. C. Tower, H. P. Case, Leonard Jacob, and Fletcher Harper.

THE WESTCHESTER HUNT CLUB has grown to be a very close rival of the Meadow Brook, and for several good reasons. There is, first of all, a fine country to hunt over, with residents in sympathy with the sport, and stone walls enough to make the runs exhilarating. The fields are always nicely filled, and every rider is a sportsman. Each recurring season finds additions, while none of the old faces disappear. Then the club is blessed by having an excellent Master, T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., who has just closed a season which in every respect has been the most successful in Westchester County. Particularly pleasing has it been in point of speed, good jumping, and freedom from accidents. It is a fact not generally appreciated that a stone-wall country (as is Westchester), where not too cramped, is perhaps, after all, the safest for the riders. Horses fear stone walls, and will jump clear if they possibly can. There is big jumping at times in this section, and, early in the season, very blind work on account of the golden-rod and other weeds that mark the walls. The Westchester p[illegible]s been steadily improved, and goes w[illegible]nd without straggling. Those who have followed the hounds pretty regularly this season are:

T. A. Havemeyer, Jun. (Master), C. L. Cottenet (acting as whip), Miss Kate Cary (one of the cleverest horsewomen in the field), Lawrence Jacob, H. N. Potter, R. L. Beeckman, N. C. Reynal, H. Leonard, R. Potter, E. C. Randolph, B. L. Sackett, E. C. Potter, E. Gray, C. A. Appleton, Percy Chubb, L. Safford, H. M. Faile.

THE RICHMOND COUNTY HUNT has had the most successful season in the history of the club, and that it has been so is due entirely to the energy and sportsmanship of the Master, C. D. Freeman. Much care falls on the Master of this hunt that is unknown nowadays to those of the older clubs in the vicinity of New York. Hunting on Staten Island was, until the last season or two, more or less of an experiment. The members, generally speaking, knew little of the sport and less of horseflesh, while property-holders stood aghast at the threatened devastation of their lands. Such sportsmen as C. D. Freeman, Eugene Outerbridge, and Clarence Whitman found the task of educating Staten Island to a full appreciation of hunting something of an undertaking; but they have stuck manfully to the task, and the season just closed is a gratifying and substantial reward of their efforts. The pack consists of fifteen couples, of which two and a half couples, that have done excellent work, are of the club's own raising from the imported hounds. The country hunted in the Northfield territory has afforded every variety of jumps, including stone walls, two, three, and four rail-fences, and blind and broad ditches. At the lower end of the Island, in the vicinity of Huguenot, the country is more level and open, and the fox often gives them a good run. The success of the hunt this season no longer leaves room to doubt that it is well established in the community, well supported by subscription, and a club of general interest to both riding and driving members. Those who have followed pretty regularly are:

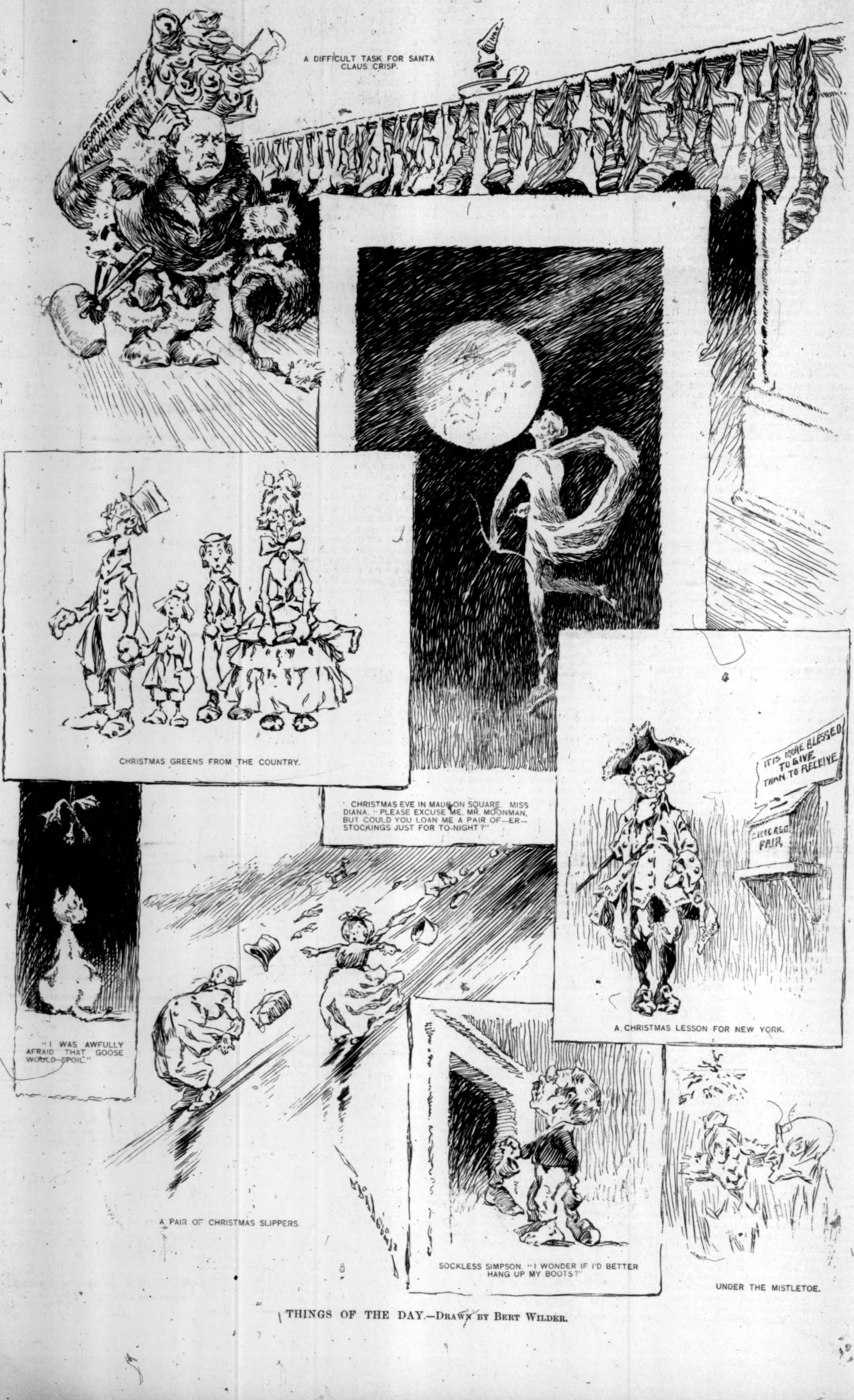
Charles D. Freeman (Master), Miss Bonner and Mrs. Charles D. Freeman, Bryce Whyte, Edward W. Brown, James Brown, J. Harper Bonnell, Dr. E. E. Clark, F. B. Cabot, George Cromwell, Charles F. Hart, T. W. Lewis, E. Norton, Jun., H. M. Dunn, Morton Smith, W. B. Thomas, Frank Wiman, and Dr. John Vanderpool.

LAST WEEK'S COMMENTS in this column on the election of graduates to the captaincy appear to have had some effect in one direction at least. Before the holiday vacation set in at Yale it was definitely decided to postpone the election of a football captain to next term, and take Heffelfinger and Barbour off the list of eligibles. This leaves Bliss and McCormick, either one of whom would make an excellent man. The experience of the two is not greatly different one from the other. Bliss has played longer, but McCormick captained his Freshman team, and will very likely be the choice, particularly as it is probable he will play at quarter next year. If this be the result, we shall see both Yale and Princeton captained by quarter backs, something which has not happened since Beecher's day at New Haven, nor, with the exception of Poe's team, at Princeton for even a longer period. In the boating department Yale has not followed so closely the doctrine preached herein, for it looks very much as though Hartwell will captain the crew. There is nothing the matter with Hartwell; on the contrary, he is a good oarsman, a hard worker, and an athlete of excellent judgment. Yale could not have done better, but I very much question the wisdom of electing a graduate to the captaincy of a crew or any team. It is hard to resist temptation in a year when competent undergraduate material is scarce; but yielding now is only postponing the day of reckoning. It is not likely that skilful graduates will always be conveniently at hand.

THE HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMITTEE is nothing if not unique. What could be more fitting than that it should choose this "Peace on earth, good-will toward men" season for a reconciliation with Princeton, and such a happy ending of the much too long estrangement is actually in sight. Princeton under the mistletoe, displaying her most bewitching graces, was a temptation not to be resisted, and Harvard has not slighted the privileges of the season. The Harvard and Princeton teams will once again meet on the diamond and gridiron field. Negotiations are just now pending between the two universities for a series of contests extending over two or three years. Harvard has made overtures to Princeton, which the latter wants made public, and which, if it is so, is nonsense. When the peace has finally been declared and agreements signed, it will be time enough to think of publicity. There has already been too much rushing into print and misconstruction. It would be the height of boyish folly for either Princeton or Harvard to publish whatever correspondence may eventually lead up to a definite treaty. Keep all your letters, etc., where they belong—under lock and key—and when definite arrangements have been made, it will be time enough to publish their nature. In the mean time HARPER'S WEEKLY is the first to send its warmest congratulations to Harvard on its good sense, and Princeton on its good luck.

THE CONTINUAL GROWTH and widening of interest in amateur sport among men and women of culture is an almost daily recognition of its actual necessity to a healthful and peaceful existence. The most valuable club properties in this country are supported to furnish recreation for its subscribers; the social whirligig at Newport, Bar Harbor, Tuxedo, and Lenox, would collapse from light-headedness were the monotony of its giddy spinning not relieved by yachting, tennis, riding, and driving. There is scarcely an out-of-town club with any pretensions whatever that does not father some branch of sport directly or indirectly. So strong has the sport-loving sentiment developed in the last two or three years, that what was at one time the club's side issue has become its *raison d'être*. The first of the large out-of-town clubs to recognize the popular drift is the Country Club of Westchester County, New York. Probably no club in any country is at once so picturesquely and practically situated for fulfilling the wishes of its members. It is proposed to build an ell to the club-house, which shall be spacious enough for whatever in-door games the members wish, and with a floor that will permit of roller-skating (one of the very best of sports), hockey, etc. It is not impossible that in the coming spring an athletic field may be constructed. Certain it is that track and field athletics, which have suffered much under managements that permitted a preponderance of the great unwashed element, are finally travelling in the proper channel. The light of refinement is at least showing up the athletic parasite in all his grewsome defects.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.


COMMITTEE APPOINTMENTS
IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE
CHICAGO FAIR

A DIFFICULT TASK FOR SANTA CLAUS CRISP.

CHRISTMAS GREENS FROM THE COUNTRY.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN MADISON SQUARE. MISS DIANA. "PLEASE EXCUSE ME, MR. MOONMAN, BUT COULD YOU LOAN ME A PAIR OF—ER—STOCKINGS JUST FOR TO-NIGHT?"

A CHRISTMAS LESSON FOR NEW YORK.

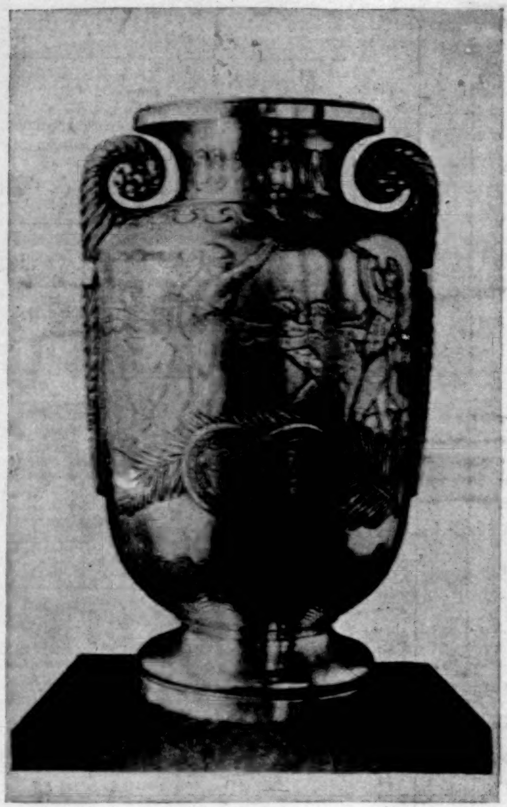
"I WAS AWFULLY AFRAID THAT GOOSE WOULD SPOIL."

A PAIR OF CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS.

SOCKLESS SIMPSON. "I WONDER IF I'D BETTER HANG UP MY BOOTS?"

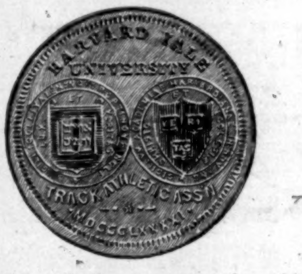
UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

THINGS OF THE DAY.—Drawn by Bert Wilder.



THE UNIVERSITY TRACK ATHLETIC CUP.

THE consummation last March of an agreement for a series of annual competitive track and field athletic events from 1891 to 1899 between Yale and Harvard, was highly pleasing to both alumni and undergraduates of the two universities. Beginning as far back as '82, when Evert Jansen Wendell, then president of the Harvard Athletic Association, made the first proposition for such an arrangement, it has been the dearest wish of students and graduates that the track athletes of the universities meet each year. In support of such a plan, it was pointed out that the baseball and football teams and crews meet annually, and so strong grew the feeling that the additional athletic event would greatly increase and sustain the interest in the respective *alma mater*, that finally at the beginning of this year a handful of prominent members of the University Club went earnestly to work with a subscription paper, and inside of a week had money enough to buy several cups. The result was the Deed of Gift, which was first made public in HARPER'S WEEKLY, March 28th, and set forth that the Cup was to be given "for the encouragement of track athletics, and to foster a friendly rivalry between the students of the two universities in track and field athletics." It would not be amiss to state here that nothing in the Deed of Gift prevents either university from making other agreements when deemed desirable. Neither was it the intention of those who fathered this movement to make possible the materialization of that much-advertised bugaboo, the dual league. There was a time, several years ago, when such a scheme was discussed from every point of view, and came very near being a reality. But that attack of fever passed, leaving the patients in fairly normal condition. Since then some of the most sorely afflicted have cut their wisdom teeth, and that fact, together with the undergraduate sentiment, has made a relapse wellnigh impossible. The idea of an *exclusive* dual league is not popular, not even with the few that once bowed down before it.



The cup and medal presented herewith are exquisite pieces of work—the former designed and made by Tiffany, the latter by Stoll. The cup is severely classical, covered with emblematic figures representing athletics and victory. The trumpeter or announcer of ancient days has a prominent place, while around the neck of the cup, forming a border, is the inscription "University Track Athletic Cup." Below the figures is the palm branch, with the seals of Harvard and Yale, while on the body of the cup is the Greek word ΑΘΑΟΝΙΚΙΑ, signifying victory in the games.

On the reverse side of the cup are nine laurel leaves, in which will be engraved from year to year the name of the winning university. There is also a large wreath for the name of the one which shall eventually hold the cup by winning the majority of the nine annual contests. The individual medals, in gold and silver, are given to the firsts and seconds in the events, and are the most unique ever made. On one side are the shields of the two universities, and on the other a laurel wreath, inside of which the event and name of winner will be engraved.

Not the least charming souvenir of the annual event, however, is the record book now being made by Tiffany. It is to be about eight by ten inches, and bound in pigskin. On the cover is the inscription: "The University Track Athletic Cup." Inside on the first page is engraved, "For the encouragement of track athletics," etc.; then follow the declaration of objects, the subscribers to the Cup, and the names of the trustees—Robert Bacon, Henry S. Van Duzer for Harvard, and J. Frederick Kernochan and George A. Adee for Yale. The Deed of Gift, and the acceptance of the conditions by Wendell Baker and George S. Morrison for Harvard, and Walter Camp and H. S. Brooks for Yale are next found. Following this is the record table, giving first, second, and third men in every event, with their colleges, the points scored by Harvard and Yale, and the record. The first contest was held May 16, 1891, at Cambridge, and resulted in Harvard scoring in the book 85 points to Yale's 27. The record table is complete for this contest, and there are eight blank pages remaining for the others. It is most artistic, and as useful as ornamental. The contest next year will be held in New York, each university having choice of location alternate years.

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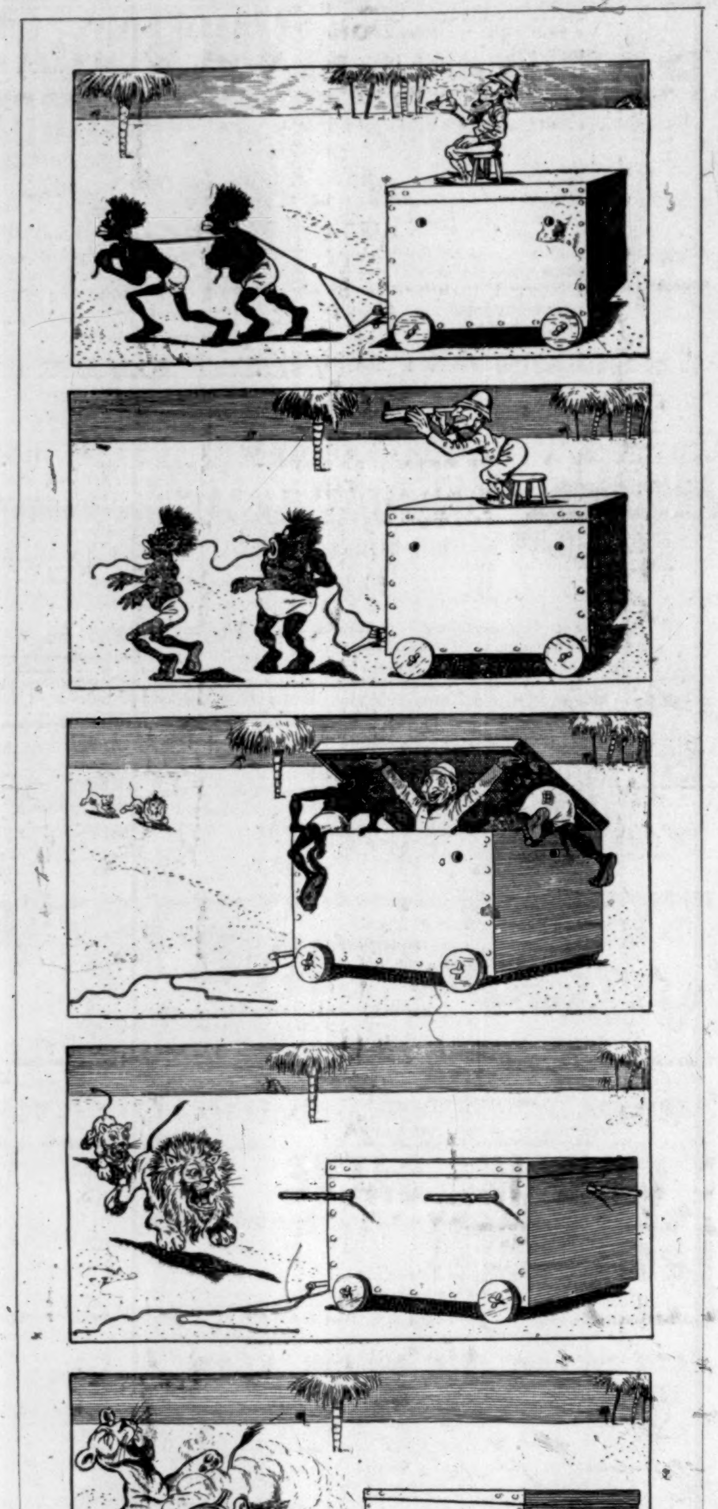

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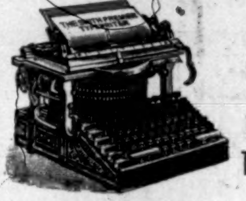

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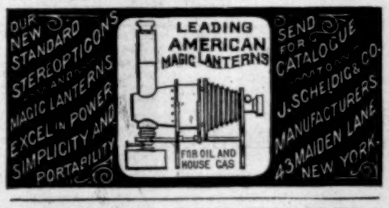

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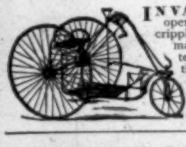

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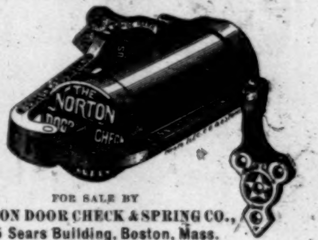

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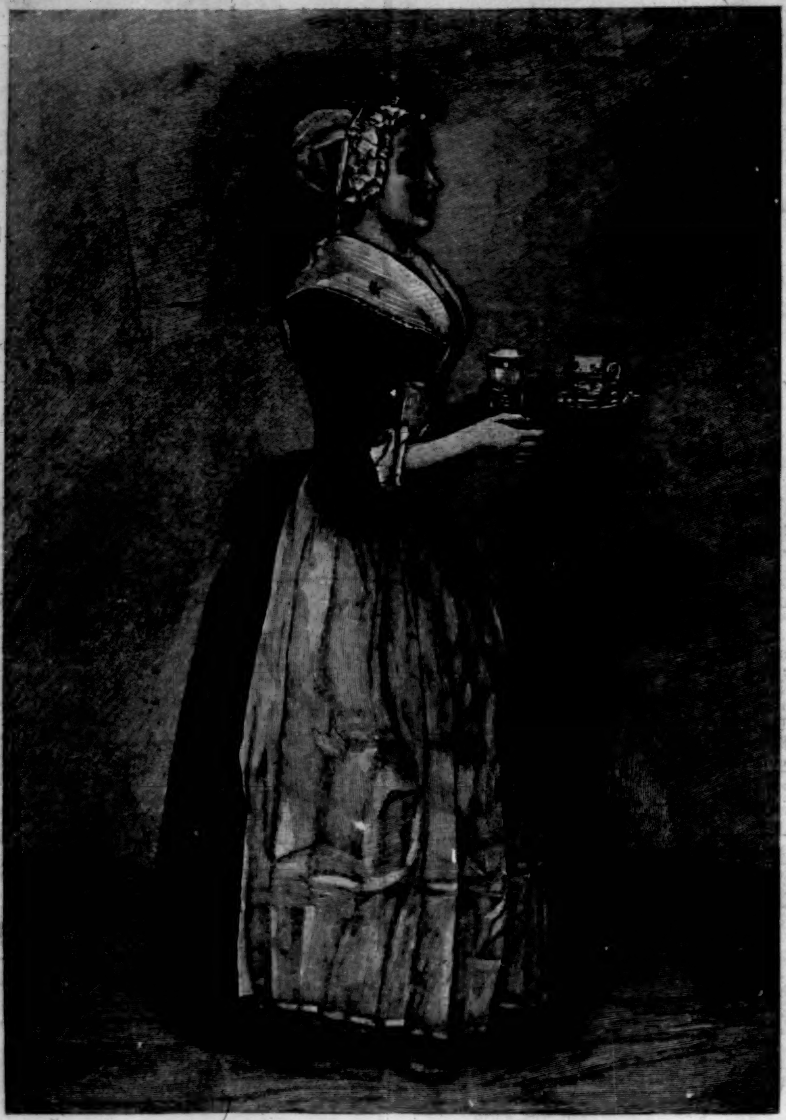

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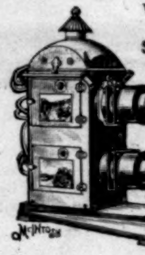

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